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No. 1018 APRIL 3, 1925 Price 8 Cents

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY.

THE PRINCE OF WALL STREET;
OR, A BIG DEAL FOR BIG MONEY.

AND OTHER STORIES

By A SELF-MADE MAN.



"Get rid of him!" he hissed through his teeth, prodding the unfortunate broker with the muzzle of his revolver. Mr. Holland, raising his hand, attempted to speak. The look on his face startled Frank. He was sure something was wrong.

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No. 1018

NEW YORK, APRIL 3, 1925

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The Prince of Wall Street

OR, A BIG DEAL FOR BIG MONEY

By A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—A Verbal Scrap.

"You seem to think you're the whole thing in this office," said Lawrence Clay, margin clerk, angrily, to Frank Whiteley, messenger, both employees of Edward Holland, stock broker, of No. — Wall Street. Clay was a tall, genteel-looking man of twenty-two, with a small, silky mustache and a rather sharp look. A close observer would have noticed certain signs that hinted at late hours and a rapid life. Whiteley was as yet a beardless boy, just past his eighteenth year, but there was an alert and resolute look about him that showed he possessed in no small degree the qualities that go to make up a bright, successful man. For some months past Clay had shown that he entertained a deep-seated grouch against the young messenger. As a matter of fact he was jealous of the boy for several reasons.

Kittie Carter, the pretty office stenographer, was one of these reasons, and maybe the chief. She and Frank were particularly good friends, and they did not try to conceal that fact. Clay had been much impressed with Miss Carter's beauty and winning ways since she came to work at the office, six months since, and he had made it a point to cultivate her favor. He did not succeed very well, much to his dissatisfaction, for, although he was good-looking, and apparently a gentleman, Kittie didn't like him much. Frank, on the other hand, she treated with easy familiarity, and Clay resented the position the boy held in her esteem. The young messenger had just been holding a confidential chat with the stenographer, during which she had cast many engaging glances at him. Clay, whose desk was within earshot of them, had worked himself into a jealous passion, which broke forth in the words with which this chapter opens, when Kitty was called into Mr. Holland's private office to take some dictation.

"What makes you think that I think so?" asked Frank, in answer to the other's sneering remark.

"If I had you somewhere outside the office I'd give you a dressing down for talking back to me in such a way," cried Clay, furiously.

"Name your time and place, Mr. Clay, and I'll give you the chance to make good, replied

Frank, quietly, who was not in the least afraid of the margin clerk.

Lawrence Clay knew better than to accept such a challenge, whether made in good faith or not, for there was something in the boy's eye that made him instinctively quail. Nevertheless, he fully intended to get back at the messenger, though not in a way that was fair and above-board. Frank read the clerk's cowardly nature like a book and proposed to be on his guard. When he uttered his defiance he did not expect that Clay would take him up, and was therefore not surprised to see the fellow take water in his own peculiar fashion.

"Bah! You make me sick," snorted the clerk, contemptuously. "Just as if I'd fight a boy of your years."

Another clerk nearby, who was listening to the tilt, chuckled at Clay's discomfiture, and the chuckle reached Lawrence's ear.

"What are you laughing at, Gilmore?" he snarled, turning on the other. "Just mind your own business, please. I can attend to this kid myself."

"I don't want any argument with you, Mr. Clay," said Frank, coldly. "You seem to be down on me for some reason, and you're welcome to be if it gives you any satisfaction."

"Don't talk to me, you young whippersnapper!" roared Clay, in a rage, addressing Whiteley. "If you knew your place, as you pretend you do, but don't you wouldn't be taking up so much of Miss Carter's time as you do every day. If Mr. Holland knew how often you run in there, just to shoot your mouth off and waste his time, you might find yourself out of a job before you knew where you stood."

"Well, I shan't look for any sympathy from you if I should be discharged."

"I should say not. The woods are full of messengers every bit as good as you."

"And the Street is full of margin clerks, I guess, looking for work who could probably fill your shoes if you ever resigned your position," retorted Frank.

This remark angered Clay, for, in his opinion, he knew most all there was to know about Wall Street matters.

"You're an insulting young beast, and I won't waste any more time on you," he said, returning to his desk, quite hot under the collar, for he was conscious that he had come out second best in the verbal mix-up.

Frank made no reply to this remark, but walked out to his post in the waiting room and took a seat just as Kittie issued from the boss's private room, notebook in hand. She smiled at him as she passed, and he returned the smile with a cheerfulness that showed he had not been much disturbed by his encounter with the margin clerk.

Frank was a thoroughly independent boy. He knew what was expected of him and endeavored to do his duty to the utmost, not only at the office but at home, where he was the main support of a widowed mother and several brothers and sisters, all but one younger than himself. The exception was his sister Bess, who was a stenographer for an Exchange Place broker, and earned half again as much as he did. She was just as clever and independent as Frank, and just as faithful to her office and home interests as he.

CHAPTER II.—Frank's First Stock Deal.

Five minutes after Kittie passed through the reception-room, Mr. Holland called Frank into his office and handed him an envelope to take to a broker named Ross, in the Haverley Building. The young messenger put on his hat and started on his errand. On the sidewalk he met a friend of his, named Ben Webster, who was messenger for a broker in the next building.

"Hello, Ben!" he said. "How's things this morning?"

"Fine. If I had \$100 they'd be finer."

"How's that?"

"I just met a broker who is friendly with me and he let me in on a sure thing in M. & G.; but I haven't the cash to make any use of it."

"That's too bad, if it's a sure thing. I've been in the same boat once or twice myself when \$100 would have been mighty useful."

"Well, M. & G. is going to boom in a few days. The Marcus & Steinberg crowd have about cornered the bulk of the shares on the market and they expect to make several millions out of the rise."

"How did the broker come to tell you such an important secret?"

"I've done him a good many favors, and he's taken a great shine to me."

"Then it's a wonder he wouldn't loan you \$100 so you could take advantage of his information."

"I wouldn't want to strike him for the loan of money. I'm afraid he'll think I had an awful gall."

"I guess he would," laughed Frank. "Well, so long, I've got a message to deliver up the street."

Whiteley hustled along to make up the few minutes he had lost and was soon at his destination. After turning over the note to Mr. Ross, and finding there was no answer, he left the Haverley Building to return to his own office. As he approached the corner of Nassau Street he noticed a feeble-looking, white-haired gentleman, with a cane, just ahead of him.

The old man, after pausing a moment on the curb and looking around him, started to cross the narrow thoroughfare. At the same moment an automobile came rolling down Nassau Street. It was not going very fast, but for all that it would have struck the old gentleman and probably have killed or seriously injured him, as the chauffeur's attention was momentarily diverted at that critical juncture, but for Frank, who, taking in the situation at a glance, sprang forward, grasped the white-haired man by the arm and swung him around out of danger, as the wheels went past so close as to brush against his clothes. A dozen people, including a policeman standing on the opposite corner, saw the gallant rescue, and a crowd gathered like magic around Frank and the old gentleman. The cane, which had slipped from the owner's hand, had been broken by the wheels of the auto, and he stood dazed and trembling, conscious that he had escaped a bad accident through the presence of mind of the lad, who now supported him back to the sidewalk.

"By George! You did that very neatly, young man," said a tall broker. "You're entitled to a medal. The old gentleman would probably have been killed but for you."

In the meantime the auto was stopped on the corner of Broad street, and the owner, jumping out, hurried up to learn if any damage had been done, for it was a matter of some money to him. He also pushed his way through the growing crowd on the corner, gave his name and office address, that of a millionaire trader, to the officer, and then inquired, with much concern, if the old gentleman had been hurt in any way.

"No, I guess not, sir," replied Frank. "I managed to get him out of the way in the nick of time."

"I'm glad to hear it," answered the trader, in a tone of great relief. "I am under great obligations to you, young man for your quickness and presence of mind. Here, take this," and pressed a number of bills into Frank's hand.

Then he hastened to get out of the mob. The policeman, having secured all the information he wanted, proceeded to disperse the curious people, and then Frank, taking the white-haired man by the arm, led him across to the sub-treasury building.

"Can I be of any further use to you, Mr. Partidge?" for that was the name the old man had tremblingly given the officer. "Perhaps I had better go with you to the office where you told the policeman you were bound. It is only half a block down on the other side of the way."

"Thank you. I wish you would. I am very grateful to you for saving me from being run over. I want to know your name and where you live."

"My name is Frank Whiteley. I'm messenger for Edward Holland in the Tewksbury Building in this block. Come, allow me to assist you across."

The little old gentleman was glad to avail himself of Frank's strong arm, and the boy went with him to the entrance of the office building where he was bound which was almost opposite the Tewksbury Building.

"Won't you come upstairs to my son's office. He will want to thank you himself for your serv-

ices and kindness to me," said Mr. Partridge. Frank begged to be excused on the plea that he was in a hurry, for he didn't care to be thanked again for merely doing his duty.

"Then I won't detain you, my boy," said the old gentleman. "My son will call and see you at your office. I think you said your name was Frank——"

"Whiteley," said the young messenger as the white-haired man hesitated.

"And you work for Mr.——"

"Holland. Just across the street."

"Thank you. Good-by." Frank then returned to his office and found that Mr. Holland had gone to the Exchange. After taking his seat he recollected the bills he had received from the man who owned the automobile, and he pulled them out of his pocket to see what the sum was. There was a fifty and five twenties, making, altogether, \$150. That was a lot of money for Frank, and he thought how happy it would make his mother when he handed it over to her. He was sent over to the Exchange soon after, with a note to Mr. Holland, and waiting for him to come to the rail he saw there was some excitement on the floor. He presently found out that this was connected with M. & G. stock, which had been going up and down since the Exchange opened, and was already two points above the opening price. That put him in mind of Ben's tip, and it occurred to him that the money he had just acquired would enable him to go into a small deal in the stock. While he was figuring on the matter, Ben rushed in with a note for his boss.

"Hello! you here, Frank?" he exclaimed.

"Why not? I'm here two or three time every day. This happens to be one of the times."

"What's the excitement about?"

"M. & G."

"Why, that's the stock I got the tip on. Is it going up?"

"I heard that it's gone up two points this morning."

"That isn't anything more than I expected to hear. It's tough that I can't get in on it. It's sure to go to 80." Mr. Holland now came to the rail, took the note from Frank, read it and nodded his dismissal.

"If you was making a deal what broker would you go to?" asked Whiteley of Ben.

"I'd go to that little bank on Nassau Street above Wall. It's the best place for small investors, as they handle as low as a five-share deal. Most of the regular brokers won't bother with anything less than 100 shares. My boss won't, I know, and I don't believe yours will, either. I'm going to try to raise \$35 to-night so that I can buy five shares, at any rate. Half a loaf is better than nothing. Five shares will land me winner of \$75." Ben's words excited Frank not a little, and when he left the Exchange it was with the resolve to buy 20 shares of M. & G. before he returned to the office. So when he reached Nassau Street he rushed up the short block, entered the little bank in question, which he knew well, and going to the margin clerk's window told the clerk he wanted to buy 20 shares of M. & G.

"It will cost you \$130 margin."

"All right," replied Frank, "here's the money." In a few minutes he got a memorandum of the transaction and hurried back to the office feeling

that at last he had acquired a personal interest in the ups and downs of the market.

"I can give mother \$20, at any rate," he said to himself. That afternoon when the Exchange closed M. & G. was up to 67, and Frank shook hands with himself on the strength of it.

"That means that I'm about ahead of the game. What will I be this time to-morrow?" At that moment the door opened and a fine-looking gentleman entered the reception-room.

"Are you Frank Whiteley," he inquired as the messenger went to meet him.

"Yes, sir," replied Frank, in some surprise.

"My name is Partridge," replied the visitor. "You rendered a great service to my father this morning, and I came to thank you for it."

"I'm glad that I happened to be on hand to assist him out of danger," answered Frank, modestly. "He has already thanked me for what I did, so you see I hardly expected that there would be anything more said on the subject."

"Young man, you don't suppose I could let such a thing as that pass unnoticed. In helping my father you have done a signal service to me, and I want you to know that I appreciate it. The old gentleman is too old and feeble to venture down here, as I have repeatedly told him, but he will come. I think to-day's incident will keep him away for good, for it gave him a great shock. He not only insisted that I must come over here and thank you, as I certainly would have done anyway, but he is anxious to know you better. He seems to have taken quite a fancy to you, and wants you to come up and see him at my home, where he lives. I hope you will oblige him. Here is my address. May I bring home your promise to do so?" Frank hesitated, but finally agreed to call and see the old gentleman on the following Sunday evening. That being settled, Mr. Partridge, Jr., shook hands with Frank, told him he would be glad to have him call at his office any time he felt so disposed, and then took his departure.

CHAPTER III.—Frank Comes Out \$300 Ahead.

Next morning Frank learned that Lawrence Clay had bought 20 shares of M. & G. He found out through Kittie, to whom Clay had divulged the information. Kittie told him that the margin clerk played the market frequently, with good success. She also told him that she had refused to accept a box of candy from him the day before, and that he didn't like it.

"Well, perhaps you'll accept a box of candy from me, then?" laughed Frank.

"I would if I thought you could afford it, but I know how you're fixed, Frank, so I shall not permit such extravagance on your part."

"I made \$150 yesterday morning."

"You did!" she exclaimed, in a tone of astonishment. "How?"

"You didn't read about it, then?"

"Read about what?"

"The little old white-haired gentleman that narrowly escaped being run down by an automobile. It was in all the afternoon and morning papers."

"I didn't see it. What about it?"

"Well, just read the story and see."

Frank pulled a morning paper out of his pocket and pointed out the story to her. Before she had read half through it she came to Frank's name.

"Why, Frank Whiteley, is this really meant for you?"

"For no one else, Kittie."

"And you never told me a word about it. Aren't you the mean thing?"

Frank laughed.

"It was the owner of the auto who gave me that \$150, because I saved him from a lot of trouble."

"What a lucky boy you are!"

"Now what do you think I did with most of that money?"

"Put it in a savings bank, or gave it to your mother, I suppose."

"I did neither. I bought 20 shares of M. & G. with it."

"You did!" she cried, in surprise.

"I did. I got a tip that the stock was a sure winner."

Kittie shook her head.

"I don't put any faith in tips that get out on the Street," she said.

"But this one is all right."

"I think you're a foolish boy to go into the market."

"You didn't say that about Mr. Clay."

"I don't take any interest in Mr. Clay."

"Then you do take an interest in me, eh?"

"Now, go along about your business," said Kittie with a rosy blush.

"All right, I'll go. I'll let you know how much I make on my deal as soon as I close it out."

Thus speaking, Frank went back to his post. When he returned from his first errand he looked at the ticker to see if there were any M. & G. quotations on the tape. There were two at a fraction higher than 67.

"That's encouraging," he said, with great satisfaction. "Every little helps."

All stocks were on the upward march that day, and M. & G. advanced by degrees to 69, which was the closing figure.

"Did you buy those five shares?" he asked Ben, later on.

"Yep. I made the raffle. Got 'em at 67 3-8. It's up to 69 now."

"And you're going to hold on for 80?"

"That's what I am."

"So am I."

"You?" exclaimed Ben, in some surprise.

"Yes. I've got a few shares, too."

"I thought you didn't have any money?"

"I didn't have any yesterday morning, but I got some since."

"Where did you get it? From the old gent you saved from being run over?"

"No. From the owner of the auto."

"How much did you get?"

"Well, I got \$150, if you want to know real bad."

"Whew! And did you put that all in M. & G.?"

"Most of it."

"I wish I was in your shoes. You'll double your money easy enough."

"I hope I will, but if a screw works loose in your tin there'll be a different story to tell."

"Don't you worry about that. Hold on and sell at 80. and you'll be all right."

"That's my programme," replied Frank, as they descended the subway stairs at Wall Street and Broadway in time to catch the train that had just pulled in at the station.

Two days later M. & G. became the center of public interest, and it began to go up in earnest. It not only reached 80, but seemed to go much higher. The two boys, however, were not taking chances to get the last dollar. They ordered their shares sold, and they went at 80 3-8. Frank was richer to the extent of \$300 by the little speculation, and Kittie got the box of candy all right, which, under the circumstances, she did not refuse. Lawrence Clay made \$250, and then blew it all in at a Tenderloin gambling establishment instead of using it to pay several of his pressing debts. He came to the office next morning looking like thirty cents, and was rather quiet for him until after he took a bracer during lunch hour. Frank put \$250 of his money in an envelope and placed it in the office safe. The \$50 balance he took home and gave it to his mother.

Frank's success in M. & G. awakened a strong desire in his mind to make more money out of the market.

The next day he overheard two brokers talking about a stock called S. & F., and they said it was going to go up like hot cakes in the course of a few days. Frank thought over the matter and decided to take a chance in it. He bought 50 shares at the first opportunity and lay back to watch results. In one week's time S. & F. had made a startling advance and when it reached 10 points above what Frank had paid for it he sold out, making over \$1,000 profit.

CHAPTER IV—The Spider and the Fly.

"Kittie, you may congratulate me again if you want to," said Frank, coming in to her with his check and the bank's statement in his hand. "I've played another winner, and I am now worth \$1,400."

Kittie was delighted at his success, and her face showed it.

"I do congratulate you, Frank. I'm awfully glad that you came out ahead."

"I'm doing pretty well for a boy, don't you think?" he said.

"I should say you are."

"This means another box of candy for you, Kittie, as much ice cream soda as you'll do me the honor to eat, and as many bunches of violets as you'll accept. I feel like a capitalist, and can afford to be liberal."

"Aren't you generous!" she exclaimed.

"Oh, there's nothing too good for you, Kittie, in my opinion."

She smiled and blushed, and Frank walked off, with the glowering eyes of Lawrence Clay upon him. He hadn't heard the conversation, but he had seen the pleased expression on Miss Carter's face, and he was as jealous as he well could be. If he had known of Frank's success in the stock market he would have been twice as mad. Lately he had made several poor speculations and was over head and ears in debt. He had never yet been in such a bad financial hole, and he was

cudgeling his brains how to wriggle out of his embarrassments.

He had his watch, diamond pin and other jewelry in the pawnshop, and had borrowed money at a ruinous rate on his wages. Still he kept up a bold front, and threw his customary bluff, so that only one or two of his intimate Tenderloin acquaintances knew how badly strapped he really was.

When Mr. Holland came back from the Exchange that day he stopped in at his safe deposit vaults and got a package of bonds on which he had loaned a sum of money. The loan ran out that day and the man who owned the securities had written to the broker to send them up to his house that evening by special messenger, as it was impossible for him to call at the office in person, and he enclosed his check for the amount of the loan, with interest. Under usual circumstances, the cashier or a trustworthy clerk would have been intrusted with the delivery of the securities, which represented ten \$1,000 bonds of the L. S. & M. S. railroad company, gilt-edged paper, quoted at a premium in the market.

Mr. Holland, however, decided to send the package by Frank, as he had the utmost confidence in the boy. Accordingly, when he was ready to start for his home he called his messenger into the private room to give him the instructions. Lawrence Clay had some papers to show Mr. Holland, and he walked into the room at the same moment. He stood by and heard the broker explain to Frank what the package contained, and how careful he must be not to lose it.

"The package is to be delivered at eight o'clock, so you will have time enough to attend to the matter after you have had your dinner," said Mr. Holland.

"I'll see that it reaches Mr. Austin on time, sir," replied Frank.

"Very well. Now, Mr. Clay," turning to the margin clerk, "what is it you want to show me?"

As Clay stepped forward, Frank left the room, with the package in his hand, and as it was time for him to go home he put on his hat and left the office. When the margin clerk returned to his desk he was thinking about that package of bonds that Whiteley had carried off to deliver to Mr. Austin at eight o'clock that evening.

"So there are ten \$1,000 bonds in that bundle, eh?" he mused. "The whole batch is worth about \$10,200. And the boss sends that kid with them instead of a man like myself, who is of importance. He's a fool to trust a messenger boy with such a valuable package. Suppose he were to lose it, or should happen to be robbed, then——"

He paused suddenly, for an idea flashed through his mind. If Frank Whiteley lost that bundle of securities it would be a serious matter for him as well as for Mr. Holland. He would probably be discharged for carelessness. That would just suit Lawrence Clay. The margin clerk began to consider how such a happy result could be brought about.

"Perhaps he could be waylaid and the package taken from him?" he mused. "Judson Bassett is just the man to undertake that job. I must see him about it as soon as I go uptown. I could arrange with him to go halves on the reward that is bound to be offered for the return of the securi-

ties. I need money so badly that I'm willing to take considerable risk to annex some at this moment. I'm afraid that one or two of my creditors may come down here and make things warm for me in the office. They might even expose me to Mr. Holland, in which case I'd stand a good show of being fired. By getting those bonds away from Whiteley, I'll get square with him for old scores and at the same time stand to make \$500. Yes, I must interview Bassett as soon as possible. It's really a question of make or break with me. I've got to do something or I'll go under water."

Clay, having decided on the course he meant to pursue, resumed his work on his books. He knew where Frank lived in Harlem, and it was his purpose to get his friend Bassett, who was an unscrupulous rascal of the Tenderloin, to help him concoct some safe scheme for waylaying the young messenger after he left his home to deliver the bonds.

Frank went home much pleased by the confidence Holland reposed in him by intrusting to his care so valuable a package as the one he was to deliver that evening at the residence of Mr. Austin, on East 62d Street, near Fifth Avenue. He said nothing to his mother about the matter until the family were at supper.

"Mother, I have to go downtown as far as 62d Street tonight," he said, as he began on his desert of rice pudding. "I have important business to transact in that neighborhood."

"Important business," sniffled his sister Bessie. "Is this a new girl you're going to call on, Frankie?"

"A new girl! Not on your life. One girl is enough for me."

"One girl! Why, I didn't know that you had one. So you've let the cat out of the bag, brother mine. Who is the favored one?"

"Never mind who she is," replied Frank, flushing up, for he had forgotten himself when he made the remark. "She's all right. Almost as sweet as you are."

"Well, now I suppose I ought to consider that as a compliment. Boys' sisters, as a rule, play second fiddle to some other person's sister. Now you said that, didn't you, to prevent me from teasing you about this divinity of yours?"

"Pooh!" replied Frank. "Don't you believe that."

"Oh, but I do believe it," retorted Bessie, who sometimes delighted in teasing her manly brother.

"All right. I won't argue the matter with you. Like all women, you're bound to have the last word."

"Now, mother, will you listen to that?" cried Bess, demurely.

"Mother," went on Frank, "I am going down to 62d Street on business for Mr. Holland. I have brought home a package of securities that I have to deliver to a Mr. Austin, who lives on that street, close to Fifth Avenue. As an evidence of the boss's confidence in me, I may say that the ten bonds in the package are worth \$10,200. If I should lose that package there would be the Dickens to pay, so you see he wouldn't have put them in my charge if he hadn't felt sure that they were perfectly safe."

"I am pleased to know that you stand so high in your employer's estimation, Frank," said his mother, proudly.

"Why shouldn't he, mother?" spoke up Bessie, who thought there was no boy in the world half as smart or as good as her brother Frank. "I consider him the Prince of Wall Street."

"Thanks, sis. Is this a new dress you're going to strike me for, now that I'm a capitalist on a small scale?"

"I shouldn't refuse a new one if you were to offer it to me," she replied, smilingly.

"I'll bet you wouldn't. It's a cold day when a girl refuses anything that comes her way."

"Why should she? Girls don't find too much of anything coming their way these days."

"Well, mother, I'll be home about nine, I guess, for I don't expect to be detained."

He left the table and sat down on the lounge to finish reading the evening paper, as it was a little early yet for him to start. When the clock struck seven he jumped up, and said he guessed it was time for him to go. As he was putting on his coat the bell rang.

"I wonder who that is?" asked his sister.

"It might be Ben, though I didn't expect him over this evening."

It wasn't Ben, but a strange man who presently knocked on the door. He asked to see Frank. When the young messenger appeared at the door the man said:

"You are Frank Whiteley?"

"I am."

"I have brought a cab to take you to Mr. Austin's."

Frank was very much surprised at his words.

"After leaving the office, Mr. Holland thought that owing to the importance of the package he had given you to deliver that it would be safer for you to travel down to Mr. Austin's in a cab than to go by the surface or elevated cars, so he telephoned your address to our stables and ordered a cab sent for you. It is now at the door, and whenever you are ready to go I am at your service."

"All right," replied Frank, who had no suspicion that everything wasn't just as it should be. "I'll be right down."

The man turned and went downstairs, with a grin of satisfaction on his features, which were hidden under a heavy, false beard.

His name was Judson Bassett, and three minutes later when the boy stepped into the waiting cab, one of New York's "night-hawk" vehicles, he was unaware that this was a trap spread for his undoing by Lawrence Clay, his enemy.

CHAPTER V—The Trap and the Trappers.

After slamming the door on Frank, Bassett mounted the box beside the driver and the cab proceeded downtown at a smart pace. Soon after the flashing lights of 125th Street passed before the boy's eyes he began to be conscious of a peculiar buzzing feeling in his head. A sweet subtle odor, like that of ripe fruit of extraordinary richness, filled the cab, and as he breathed it in he felt oppressed by a singular dizziness and languor that weighed him down like a heavy atmosphere. When the sensation first attacked him he tried to let down one of the windows in order to let in the cool night air, but he couldn't get

either of them open. They were either stuck or secured so that they could not be moved.

The exertion, added to the enervating smell, left him weak and sick, so that his hands trembled as with the palsy when he reached out in an effort to open the door. He could not understand what was the matter with him since he had no suspicion that he was the victim of one of the many tricks in vogue to drug the unwary passenger that rascally cabmen sometimes resort to in order to fleece their fare. In this case the drug was introduced through a small hole in the roof of the cab with the aid of a syringe, which ejected a fine spray that soon saturated the interior atmosphere and induced a deep sleep upon the person affected.

After the cab door was once shut it could not be opened from the inside, as the handle on that side had been removed. Finding that there was no way of opening the door, Frank, who was now fast yielding to the insidious influence of the drug began to beat in a feeble kind of way on the glass, in an effort to attract attention. The sound was drowned by the noise of the wheels on the pavement. The boy now felt as if he had blind staggers and was much alarmed at his condition. He tried to rise to his feet and thump on the roof, but the effort was a failure. He sank back on the cushioned seat, and gazed helplessly at the window of the cab, which seemed to grow in size and then recede at a great distance. Suddenly there was a crash of glass, and then something hard struck Frank a glancing blow on the head, drawing blood, and his senses reeled, everything becoming a blank. Judson Bassett uttered an imprecation, and the cabman pulled up short.

"Some kid threw a stone which has smashed the upper panel of the door," said Bassett, leaning down and taking a look at the damage done. "Wait a moment till I take a look at our passenger."

He didn't open the door, but looked through the glass. He saw Frank lying motionless in one corner.

"Good!" he muttered. "He was off before the glass was broken. He's safe enough for our purposes."

He remounted to the box and told the driver to go on. The cab kept straight on down Madison Avenue to a certain cross street and then turned to the east. After proceeding for a block and a half it pulled up before a high-stoop private house, Bassett left his perch and, opening the cab door, looked in at his victim. The boy's white, unconscious face, smeared by a streak of blood where the stone had cut a slight gash, lay partially pillowed by his left arm.

"So the stone hit him," muttered the rascal. "Well, it amounts to nothing. A wet rag and a piece of sticking-plaster will soon repair the damage. Now to get him into the house."

Bassett ran up the steps of the house and rang the doorbell. The summons was answered by a sharp-featured man, who evidently knew Bassett.

"Has Clay got here?" asked the newcomer.

"No, he hasn't showed up yet," was the reply.

"Well, I've got the boy all right. Come down to the cab and help me fetch him inside."

The man followed him to the sidewalk, and between them they lifted Frank out of the vehicle,

and carried him up the steps into the house. Bassett then returned and handed the cabman a bill. The driver looked at it, nodded in a satisfied way, turned his rig around and drove off up the street, while Bassett re-entered the house and shut the door. Two hours later Frank came to his senses. He was astonished to find himself lying on a lounge instead of sitting in the cab which was associated with his last recollections. Gradually he gathered his scattered faculties, and he began to remember things as they happened up to the moment he became unconscious. There was no light in the room, which was a small one, furnished with the lounge, a couple of chairs, a small table, and a small chest of drawers in one corner, but Frank could easily recognize all the different objects. There was one window, with a lace curtain and the blinds closed in. He lay quiet for a while and considered the situation.

"It looks as if this must be Mr. Austin's house," thought Frank. "When the cab reached here I was found insensible inside and brought in until a physician could be sent for to attend me. At that rate I can't have been here very long. It's funny, though, that somebody didn't remain here with me under the circumstances. Well, I suppose I may expect the people of the house to come in pretty soon."

Frank noticed that there were two doors to the room. One at the end led out on the second floor landing, the other, on the side, opened into a square room adjoining. This door stood ajar, a fact soon apparent to the boy when he presently heard footsteps and voices as though two or more persons had just entered the room. He heard a scratching sound, saw the dim reflection of the flare of a match, and then the gas in the next room was lighted.

"Now I shall receive a visit," breathed the young messenger, expectantly. He heard the moving of chairs and then a regular conversation was begun in the apartment. He waited several minutes, but the persons in the room made no attempt to come and see him.

"I guess they think I'm still unconscious, and are waiting till the doctor comes. I might as well let them know that I'm not as bad as they have taken me to be. I'm feeling first-rate again. I'm satisfied now that it was the cab that knocked me out. Maybe some sick person had been carried to a hospital in it, and the odor of the drug that hung about him remained in the vehicle and upset me. I can't ascribe the matter to any other reason."

He rose from the lounge, pulled himself together and then approached the door that stood ajar. As he was about to push the door open he paused in surprise, arrested by the following remark, which came from the lips of Judson Bassett.

"Now, look here, Clay, I've got to have the larger share of the reward for the return of those bonds. I took all the risk of bringing the boy to this house, drugging him in the cab, and I've got to see about getting him away before he comes to his senses, which won't be for several hours yet, for that's a mighty powerful anæsthetic that I squirted into the cab, and I've never known a person to come out of it for at least six or eight hours. It will probably be a little less in his case,

as some ragamuffin fired a stone at the cab and broke the glass of one of the doors, and that naturally allowed some of the drug to get away. However, I guess he was pretty well under the influence before that happened." Frank was fairly staggered as he listened to Bassett's speech. He recognized the voice of the man who had called at his flat with the intelligence that a cab had been sent by Mr. Holland to take him down to 62nd Street, and like a flash he realized that he was the victim of a piece of crooked work.

"My gracious!" he gasped. "How did that rascal know I had the bonds?" The answer to his question came almost immediately when Lawrence Clay spoke, and Frank knew his tones at once.

"That's all right, Bassett," he said. "But I need the money the worst way. I'll make the difference up to you another time."

"Lawrence Clay here, too!" breathed Frank, tumultuously. "I see through the whole scheme. He was in Mr. Holland's office when the bonds were given me to deliver to-night, and it is he who has put the job up on me."

"That would be never," laughed Bassett, incredulously. "I know you like a book, Lawrence Clay. The only safe way to deal with you is on the spot cash principle I told you before I tackled the job what my terms would be and you agreed to them. Now you are trying to wriggle out of the arrangement. But it won't do, old man. I must have two-thirds. You seem to forget that it's up to me to collect the money. I will have to conduct the negotiation, and there'll be some risk in it."

"You can say that you picked the bonds up on the street, can't you?"

"Never mind what excuse I'll give for having them in my possession, I'll manage to find as safe a one as possible. It takes brains to execute a game of this kind right up to the handle, and I propose to see that I get my due all right."

"I'm not kicking about that, Bassett; but the fact of the matter is this—I've got a good tip on the market, and I want all the money I can get hold of to make a big strike. If I had \$5,000 to back the information I possess I could make a fortune; but I haven't, and must do the best I can."

"What is your tip?" asked Bassett, in a tone of some interest. Clay saw his advantage at once.

"Look here, Bassett, if you'll agree to divvy even on this thing I'll let you in on the tip," he said, eagerly.

"How do I know that the tip is worth anything?"

"I'll let you judge for yourself. You know considerable about Wall Street methods, and ought to be able to size the pointer up."

"Well, let's hear what it is."

"Do I get an even rake-off on these bonds?"

"I'll agree to that if your tip is worth anything." The conversation had taken such an interesting turn that Frank recovered almost at once from his consternation at discovering how he had been duped, and he listened eagerly to what the pair were talking about. He forgot for the moment the seriousness of his own situa-

tion in his curiosity to learn what stock market pointer Lawrence Clay had got hold of. If there was anything to be made out of it he wanted to be there with both feet himself.

CHAPTER VI.—Frank Outwits the Enemy.

"All right, Bassett, a bargain," said Lawrence Clay. "I'll tell you what the tip is. A combination of moneyed men has been formed to corner N. & O. stock, and they will begin operations in a few days. My boss is one of the brokers who has been secured by the ring to buy up the stock, at first on the quiet and afterward on the Exchange, and subsequently to manipulate the market for a rise in the shares. I judge that we'll have about ten days to get in on this deal to advantage, for the first object of the pool will be to try and depress the value of the stock before they begin buying. That will probably take several days to accomplish, if they are able to do it. You must lose no time in trying to negotiate for the return of the bonds. Of course, if you could manage to sell them piecemeal in Philadelphia or Boston it would be ever so much better for us. That, however, is rather dangerous, as the securities will probably be advertised for at once, and their loss telegraphed to the various exchanges to be posted up so as to head off any sales by the presumed finder. At any rate, do the best you can, and make all you can out of them."

"You can bet I will. But look here, Clay, how did you get hold of that tip? Inside information as valuable as yours appears to be doesn't get outside the ring, as a general rule."

"Well, it was this way: I went into Holland's private room this morning, when he was out, to get a document that was on his safe. When I reached for it it slipped between the safe and the wall. I went down on my hands and knees beside the safe to try and fish it out. While I was thus engaged Holland came in with a big trader and shut the door. Neither noticed that I was in the room, and I kept mighty quiet as soon as I got on to what they started to talk about, which was the corner in N. & O. I knew that I was getting next to a big thing, and was willing to chance discovery. If I'd been caught and threatened with a discharge I'd have hinted that it would be better to let me off easy, seeing that I was in the position to give the information on the Street. That would have brought Holland to terms pretty quick, I guess, for if anything went wrong with such a big deal through the fault of his office he would be bound to be a big sufferer."

"You're a clever chap, Clay," chuckled Bassett. "About as foxy as they come. So that's how you got on to the tip?"

"That's the way. And it's a sure winner. The more money we can scrape together the more we'll make out of it."

"I think your tip looks all right, and on the strength of it we'll make an even divide of the proceeds received from the bonds." Frank, from his post of concealment behind the door, was also sure that the tip was a first-class one, and he in-

tended to use it himself when the time came. At the same time he felt pretty certain that now he was wise to the game that had been practiced on himself, through which these two rascals had got possession of the securities, there was small chance of them making anything out of the scheme, or out of the N. & O. corner, either.

"I can see your finish in Wall Street, Lawrence Clay," he muttered. "Both you and your associate, Bassett, will soon see the inside of the Tombs, and I'll bet you'll both be surprised to learn how I have turned the tables on you. Perhaps I had better not halloo before I'm out of the woods, but I guess those chaps will have a lively time trying to do me up any more."

"What did you do with the bonds, Bassett?" asked the margin clerk, suddenly.

"Don't you worry about them. I've got them safe."

"How are you going to dispose of the boy so that he won't give us trouble?"

"The cab will be back at one o'clock, and I'll carry him uptown and leave him at the door of the house where he lives to recover his senses at his leisure."

"That's a good idea. He won't have any evidence then to show that he was taken in and done for. He may tell his story to Holland, but it will look kind of fishy."

"Oh, he won't know what happened to him. If the police should be called to verify his story of being carried off in a cab they'll never be able to find my man. They'll be likely to report that his statement is a ghost story. Do you want to see the boy before you go? He's in the next room."

"Yes. I'd like to see how the young monkey looks."

"Follow me, then."

"They're coming in here," said Frank to himself. "I'll have to pretend insensibility." He stepped back and stretched himself out on the lounge with his eyes closed. A moment later Bassett and Clay walked into the room. The former lighted the gas, and both men looked at the apparently unconscious boy.

"What happened to his head?" asked Clay. "He's got a cut there."

"I told you that a stone broke one of the windows of the cab. Well, it hit him where he lay, knocked out, in the corner of the vehicle."

"Too bad that it didn't put one of his eyes out," snarled Clay. "I'd like to see his beauty spoiled. It might put his nose out of joint with our stenographer at the office. The two of them are on the chin-chin all day long. They make me weary. I can't understand what she sees in him."

"What's the difference?" replied Bassett. "He'll probably get fired anyway for losing the bonds."

"I hope he will, but it is possible he may have the good luck to squeeze out of the trouble. It's hard to down chaps that have his nerve."

"Well, come on. I'll see you to the door," said Bassett, turning out the light. The pair left the room by the other door. When Frank heard their footsteps on the stairs outside he jumped up, opened the door and looked after them. Presently he heard the hall door slam, and soon after he heard Bassett coming back. For fear he might

come in the little room again he returned to the lounge. Bassett, however, entered the other apartment. Frank got up and peeped in to see what he was about. He saw him go to the table at which he and Clay had been sitting, open a drawer and take out the package of bonds. He opened the bundle carefully, took out the securities and examined them, making some notes on a pad, after which he began to wrap them up again. While he was thus engaged the man who admitted him to the house entered the room and told him that he was wanted downstairs by some visitors.

Turning down the gas, and leaving the securities on the table as they were, he followed the other man out, and Frank saw them go downstairs together.

"This is my chance to secure the bonds and make my escape if I can," breathed the young messenger. He slipped into the square room and laid his hands on the package.

"I wonder if I couldn't fool this Bassett into the belief that he still has the securities, for if he finds that both I and the bonds have gone off he'll know right away that the game is up and will make himself scarce so that the police won't be able to find him to-morrow." Frank opened the drawer in the table. There was a lot of writing-paper that by folding in the center would be about the same size as the bonds. So he unwrapped the securities, took them out and placed them in an inner pocket of his jacket. Then he substituted the writing paper in their place, wrapped them up and left them in the same position and shape that Bassett had done.

"Now to sneak out of this house and get away from the neighborhood, wherever it is." Passing out onto the landing, he listened attentively. He didn't hear a sound in the house. He took courage and glided down to the hall door. It was locked, but the key was there, and turning it softly Frank led himself out, shut the door, ran down the steps and started up the street at a rapid pace.

CHAPTER VII.—Frank Pays His Boss A Midnight Call.

When Frank reached the corner he looked around to see where he was. He found that he was at Fourth Avenue. Looking in at a corner he noted that it was half-past eleven by the clock there.

"Mother will wonder what has become of me. I promised to be home before ten. Now what shall I do? Go to Mr. Austin's house at this hour and explain the cause of the delay? I hardly think I'd better. The best thing to do will be to go to Mr. Holland's home on Madison Avenue and tell him what I've been through." He made a note of the street on which the house stood, and which he would know again, though he hadn't taken the number in his hurry to get away. Then he started in all haste for his employer's residence. It was just midnight when he got there.

"I guess everybody is in bed. I'll have to wake some one up." So he pulled at the bell in a way that meant business. The cook, who slept

downstairs, in a small room off the kitchen, heard the ring, partly dressing herself, came to the area door and inquired who was there.

"I want to see Mr. Holland on important business," replied Frank.

"He went to bed an hour ago."

"Then wake him up and tell him that Frank Whitely is on the stoop." The cook hesitated about doing as he wanted.

"You'd better return in the morning," she said.

"I positively must see him now," replied Frank. "It's an urgent matter. I am his office messenger." The cook then consented to arouse the master of the house, and did so. The broker was astonished to hear that his messenger was outside, and, suspecting that it might have some connection with the package of bonds he had given the boy to deliver, he partially dressed himself, went to the door and admitted Frank to the hall.

"What's the trouble, Frank?" he asked.

"It's about those bonds I was to deliver, sir."

"Well, didn't you deliver them according to directions?"

"I did not."

"Why not?" asked the broker, sharply.

"Because I've been in trouble."

"In trouble?"

"Yes, sir. I was drugged and the package taken from me."

"My goodness! Then you've lost them? How did this happen? Come to my library. I shall have to telephone the police."

"I lost them for a couple of hours, sir; but I've got them back again."

"You have got them back," replied the broker, much relieved, as he led the boy into his library. "Take a seat and tell me the whole story." Frank began at the beginning and related how he had been decoyed into the cab and drugged in some way he couldn't explain.

"Why, I sent no cab to your house," said Mr. Holland.

"I understand that now, but at the time I thought that you had done so, and thus fell into the trap."

"But how could that rascal have learned that you had a package of valuable securities in your possession?" said the broker, greatly puzzled.

"I am sorry to say that he found out through one of your clerks."

"Found out through one of my clerks!" exclaimed Mr. Holland, incredulously.

"Yes. Lawrence Clay is the guilty man. You remember he was in your private room when you handed me the package to take uptown, and gave me my instructions."

"But surely you are in error. Lawrence Clay would not——"

"Wait till you've heard all of my story and you can then judge for yourself." Frank went on to tell his experience at the house where he had recovered his senses, and related, as near as he could recall, all the conversation that had taken place between Clay and Bassett. When he repeated Clay's story of what he had overheard Mr. Holland and his visitor say in connection with the projected corner in N. & O., the broker started, and looked much disturbed. He made Frank go over that part again.

"You not only heard Clay's voice you recognized his face in the room, did you?" he asked his messenger.

"Yes, sir. And I will be able to identify Bassett if I ever see him again. He was disguised with a beard when he called at my house, but I saw his natural face when he was talking with Mr. Clay."

"I had no idea that Clay was such a rascal," said Mr. Holland, with a stern countenance. "The fact that he overheard such an important matter in my private room complicates matters greatly. I am afraid that it would be useless to cause his arrest and that of his companion for this robbery, as their denial would largely offset in court your uncorroborated testimony. In the meantime I cannot afford to discharge him until after my connection with the N. & O. deal has ceased. Be careful yourself that not a hint of what you have learned about it gets out on the Street."

"You can rely on me, sir."

"I am sure I can, Frank. Well, you can leave the bonds here to-night. Call early in the morning and take them to Mr. Austin's house, explaining to the gentleman how you were prevented from delivering them at the stated hour. In respect to Clay, treat him as usual, and do not give him any reason to believe that you are aware that he had any connection with the project of which you were temporarily the victim. He will believe, then, that he is safe from discovery. In the meantime I will consult with the head of the Wall Street Detective Bureau, and see if I can make a case against Clay and his associate, Bassett. I think that is all I need to say to you to-night. Do not fail to call here at eight in the morning for the bonds." Frank assured Mr. Holland that he would be on hand at the hour mentioned, and then bade his employer good night. It was two o'clock when he got home, and he found his mother and sister Bessie sitting up, very much worried over his non-appearance.

"Why, Frankie, where have you been?" asked his sister, who let him in.

"Well, I've been to two places—the boss's house for one."

"You never told us that you expected to call on Mr. Holland. You said you'd be home early, and here it is after two o'clock. We've both been imagining all sorts of dreadful things in connection with your unexplained detention."

"What happened to your head, Frank?" asked his mother, noting, with some alarm, the cut on his forehead.

"That happened to me in the cab. Some boy threw a stone through the glass, not intentionally, I suppose, and it struck me. Such accidents are liable to occur in New York any time," he said, lightly.

"It might have put your eye out," she said, with some concern.

"That's true. It might have done so, but fortunately it did not. Now go to bed, both of you. I shall want to be called not later than six thirty, as I've got to be at Mr. Holland's house at eight." Frank thus avoided going into particulars about his night's adventures, as he knew that it only would disturb his mother. Next morn-

ing he delivered the bonds to Mr. Austin, and told that gentleman what he had been through the night before.

"You're a pretty smart boy to get out of it as well as you did, and to recover the securities also," was the gentleman's admiring comment. Frank reached the office half an hour late that morning. Lawrence Clay was at his desk, as the boy soon found out when he went in to tell Kittie that she was wanted in the private office. Clay looked at him furtively, but Frank paid no attention to him. That afternoon a quiet-looking man called at the office and asked to see Mr. Holland. Frank showed him into the private room. Presently the broker rang for his messenger. When Frank responded, Mr. Holland said:

"Frank, this is Detective Hennessy. Tell him the story of the bond robbery of last night." The boy complied, and the detective made several notes.

"Do you know the street and number of the house to which you were brought?" inquired the officer.

"I know the street, and can point out the house, but I did not take the number," answered the young messenger.

"Then we will go up there and you can point it out to me. As for this clerk of yours, Mr. Holland, I will keep my eye on his movements and see what I can find out about him. It is probable he will enable me to spot his associate in a day or so." As it was nearly time for Frank to leave the office for the day, the broker told him to go with the detective at once, and the two departed together. Two days later the officer made a report to Mr. Holland that rather opened his eyes as to the real character and habits of his margin clerk. The report of itself, without reference to the connection Clay had with the bond affair, would have furnished sufficient ground for the trader to wish to get rid of him. Clay was therefore slated for a bounce as soon as Mr. Holland had concluded with the pool interested in booming N. & O. stock.

In the meantime Clay had met Bassett again and learned of Whiteley's escape from the house that night. Bassett, however, believed that the package he had locked up in a Tenderloin saloon-keeper's safe still contained the bonds, and looked to see them advertised for. Lawrence Clay, however, was rather disturbed by the situation, though he entertained no idea that any suspicion attached to him. He was worried because no mention was made in the office about the loss of the bonds, nor had anything appeared in the newspapers bearing on the subject. Furthermore, Frank Whiteley had neither lost his job, nor did he appear to be disturbed about his late night adventure.

"I don't like the looks of things," Clay remarked to Bassett, three nights after the occurrence. "I'm certain there is a quiet investigation going on under the surface by detectives, of course. Whiteley, to judge by his demeanor, has been relieved of all responsibility in the matter. It is evident that he doesn't know that I was at the bottom of it or I should have had an unpleasant interview with Holland."

"Then why need you bother yourself on the subject?" replied Bassett.

"Because there is no telling what a detective may find out. Has that house been visited by any sleuth since that night?"

"Not that I have heard."

"You haven't been there since, have you?"

"No. I shall keep away until this matter has blown over."

"Well, you can't be too careful, Bassett. I scent danger in the very fact that the robbery has been kept so profoundly secret. Not a hint has been given out in the office, and the bonds have not been advertised for. Even if they are later on I'm afraid it will be a delicate matter to negotiate for their return, for the boy's premature escape shows that crooked business was at work; and then Holland knows that he never sent a cab for Whiteley. You made a big mistake in fetching the boy to that house. You should have taken the bonds from him in the cab and then dumped him out into some convenient areaway. It looks to me as if we'll never be able to realize anything out of the job, which will be pretty tough on me, as I depended on getting hold of enough cash through it to buy N. & O. in a few days."

"Oh, the game isn't up yet," replied Bassett, coolly, as he led the way to a nearby saloon, neither man being aware that Detective Hennessy was watching them at the moment.

CHAPTER VIII.—Lawrence Clay Gets It In The Neck.

Frank, in the meantime, didn't overlook the fact that he had got hold of another tip that had all the earmarks of a sure winner. for Mr. Holland had as good as admitted to him that night at his house that he was interested in a big deal connected with N. & O. On the morning after the bond robbery he looked the stock up in the daily market report and found that it was going at 52. After that he kept his eye on it and noticed that it was subject to constant fluctuations in price, closing each day a little lower than the day previous. Finally it reached 47, and for two days remained at about that figure, then it started to rise again, but only a fraction of a point at intervals.

"I guess it's as low as it's going to go," thought Frank. "I'd better buy now before it gets any higher, so as to gather all the cream. It's funny how many people never start in buying till the skim-milk period is reached, and then they wonder why it is they get left. There is only one way to do if you want to make money out of stocks. Study them well. Watch for them to go down and then buy. When they go up, sell out. This idea of buying stocks when they're high is pure foolishness. Not any of that thing for me."

So Frank went directly to the little bank in Nassau Street and invested all his funds in 300 shares of N. & O., at 47 5-8, on a margin of ten per cent. He also told Ben to buy the stock, assuring him that he had information pointing to a rise in the price in the near future. Ben believed him, and bought 75 shares at 48. From that day N. & O. continued to go up, especially as the general market improved in tone, and it reached 56 before many people noticed that it was

a good stock to buy. A few days later the papers began to speak about the improved business that the road was enjoying, and whether there was any truth in the report, a good many speculators took notice and sent buying orders for the stock to their brokers. Of course the increased demand for the stock, which was rather hard to get at this stage of the game, sent the price up higher, and it was presently quoted at 64. Next day it went to 67, and then Frank began to consider the question of selling out. Before he had quite made up his mind it reached 75.

"That's as high as I'm going to risk it," he said to himself, and took the first chance he got to run up to the bank and order his 300 shares to be sold. The stock went at 76 and Ben got out at about the same figure. When Frank figured up his profits he found he had made \$8,400. Ben was tickled to death to find that he had cleared \$2,000.

"I forgot to tell you that I took another flyer on the market, Kittie," said Frank, on the following afternoon.

"Have you really?" she exclaimed.

"Yes, and I have just cleaned up a matter of \$8,000 by it. I'm worth nearly \$10,000 now."

Kittie looked at him in wonder.

"You're joking, aren't you, Frank?" he asked.

"Not a bit of it. There's the proof of the pudding," and he showed her his statement and check from the bank.

There was no getting away from that evidence, and she congratulated him on his success.

"Why, it seems only a few days ago that you made your first speculation, and won \$150. After that you expressed a desire to find out how it felt to be worth \$1,000. Now it appears that you're worth ten times that amount. How does it feel?" she asked, with a roguish smile.

"It feels all right," he replied.

"I should think you'd be so excited that you could hardly attend to your work. I know I should."

"To tell you the truth, Kittie, it doesn't seem to make such a great difference after all whether a fellow is worth \$1,000 or \$10,000. I haven't the least inclination to go out and paint the town red. I'm rather surprised that I take it so cool. Once I thought that if I ever came to make \$1,000 nothing would hold me in, but I find that I look on the matter differently now."

At that moment Mr. Holland's bell rang for him and he had to leave her. That night Frank carried home \$800, of which he gave his mother \$700 and Bess \$100. It was a delightful surprise for them to learn that he had made a big winning in the stock market.

"We must move to a better flat now, mother," said Bessie, "and put on a little more style. We can easily afford to do it."

"That's right," nodded Frank. "You want to get into the swim, for some day I hope to become a millionaire."

"I hope you will," laughed Bessie. "But it will take a long time to make a whole million, if you ever do."

Two days later the syndicate having unloaded their holdings at a big profit, N. & O. began to go down again. Its fall, however, was gradual, and there was no panic on the market. On the following Saturday, Mr. Holland called Lawrence

Clay into his private room and told him that he would have to dispense with his services. Clay was taken by surprise, and asked the cause of his dismissal. Then the broker told him a few things that startled him. Clay, however, vigorously denied his guilt. Then Mr. Holland called Frank in and made him tell all that came under his observation at the house where Bassett had taken him in the cab. Clay was simply paralyzed by his revelations. The broker completed his discomfiture by telling him what Detective Hennessey had found out about him. The margin clerk couldn't find any words to defend himself with, and so threw up his hands.

"I'm a ruined man," he gasped, with ashen face. "I'll never be able to get another position in the Street."

"You ought to be thankful that you've escaped arrest and the degradation of a cell at the Tombs. The cashier will hand you your money."

Lawrence Clay left the room like a man who had received a terrible blow and soon afterward he walked out of the office and took his way uptown. His heart was swelling with rage against the young messenger, and he swore that he would be revenged on him. When he reached his boarding place another disagreeable surprise awaited him. His boarding mistress said that she had rented his room to somebody else and that he couldn't remain any longer. She also informed him that she had attached his trunk, and that he could have it when he paid her all that was due. He staggered from the house and went to a well-known billiard-room, where he expected to find Judson Bassett. There he learned that Bassett had gone to Boston. Then Clay started in to drink to drown his thoughts. Between drinks he played pool and subsequently poker, with various acquaintances. His associates wondered why he was so sullen and reckless in his behavior. He didn't give them any satisfaction, and a few hours later reeled out on the street, dazed with drink and broken in purse. On Sunday morning he awoke to find himself in a cell with a crowd of drunks and kindred characters. Later on he was brought before a magistrate, who fined him \$10. As he couldn't pay it he was sent to jail for ten days. Apparently, Clay was finding out that the way of the transgressor is hard.

CHAPTER IX.—The Scheme That Missed Fire.

The fact that Frank could put his hands on \$9,000 cash any time he wanted did not make any perceptible difference in his conduct at the office. Kittie was the only one in his confidence there, even Ben didn't know exactly how much he was worth, though he judged he was pretty well fixed, for he had about \$2,300 himself stowed away in anticipation of another plunge into the market. Mr. Holland would have been greatly surprised if he had learned the exact financial standing of his messenger boy. There didn't seem to be much danger of his learning it, however. One afternoon, while Frank was out on an errand, a man, accompanied by a well-attired young woman, entered the office and asked for Mr. Holland. They were ushered into the broker's private room.

"Well, what can I do for you?" asked the

trader, who was in the act of signing a check that closed the account of one of his customers.

"We have called here to collect a little money from you, Mr. Holland," said the man, proceeding straight to business. "I want you to write a check to 'Cash' for the sum of \$10,000, and do it quick, do you understand? I came prepared to enforce my demand," he added, drawing a bulldog revolver. "You have your check-book before you. Make no delay or I shall kill you where you sit. This is a desperate chance I'm taking, consequently I can't afford to stand any fooling. It is a question of life or death for you." He quickly glided behind the astonished and almost paralyzed broker and jabbed the muzzle of the weapon against his back. "Now, if I am forced to shoot, the report will not be heard beyond this room," he went on. "I have you dead to rights. Write that check now and this lady will take it out and cash it. I shall remain until she has had a reasonable time to get the money. Then you can telephone the police if you want to."

The tone of the man's voice showed that he was in dead earnest, and the broker's face went white. He trembled so violently that the pen dropped from his nerveless fingers.

"Brace up and write!" gritted the rascal in his ear. "It's your life against \$10,000."

He emphasized his words by pressing the gun deeper into Mr. Holland's ribs. The broker realized his peril, and taking up his pen proceeded to obey the man's directions. He tried to delay the operation in the hope that one of his clerks might enter the room, but the villain behind hastened action by pressing his weapon against his spine.

"Time is passing," he snarled. "Write, or by—"

At that critical moment the door opened and Frank entered the office, hat in hand. He had brought an answer from the broker he had just visited and had come in to deliver it. For the moment the man and his female accomplice were disconcerted and almost at their wits end. Then the rascal pulled himself together.

"Get rid of him!" he hissed between his teeth, prodding the unfortunate broker with the muzzle of his revolver.

Mr. Holland, raising his hand, attempted to speak. The look on his face startled Frank. He was sure something was wrong.

"Go," said Mr. Holland, in a hollow voice. "I will see you presently."

Frank hesitated, looked at the man who stood behind his employer, and then at the woman, whose face bore an expression he didn't like, glanced at the broker and then obeyed the mandate, closing the door after him.

"There's something wrong in there," he said, breathing quickly. "I'm sure there is. Mr. Holland looked frightened. Can it be a hold-up game of some kind? What shall I do? It may be up to me to save the boss. Yet how can I interfere? Suppose, after all, I am mistaken, and everything is all right, what a figure I would make of myself butting in just because I imagined—"

At that moment the woman came out of the private room, with a paper in her hand, and hastily left the office. On the spur of the moment Frank decided to follow her. Putting on his hat, he darted out after her. He caught sight of her entering one of the elevators, and he took to the

stairs, flying down two steps at a time. She was going out of the street door when he landed in the corridor. He hurried out after her and trailed her up the street to the Manhattan National Bank. That was where Mr. Holland kept his funds. She took her place in the line at the paying-teller's window. Frank, with his head down, darted past and entered the cashier's den. He hurriedly explained the situation to that gentleman. The cashier called in the bank detective and told him to watch the woman, then he sent a few words on a pad to the paying-teller, and taking the telephone receiver off his desk asked to be connected with Holland's office. Kittie answered the call.

"Please call Mr. Holland to the 'phone. Don't switch me on to his private wire, but bring him to the office 'phone."

That's the way the cashier put it to the stenographer, and she was clearly surprised at so unusual a request.

"Please tell me who you are, sir?" she asked.

"Mr. Forbes, cashier of the Manhattan National Bank. It is a very important matter that I wish to speak to Mr. Holland about."

"But why not let me switch you on to his wire?"

"I have my reasons, young lady," replied the cashier, sharply.

"Hold the wire, then, please," answered Kittie.

She hurriedly left the counting-room and entered the private office. Mr. Holland and his rascally visitor were seated close together.

"Mr. Forbes wishes to speak to you on the office 'phone, Mr. Holland," said Kittie.

"Mr. Holland will come in a moment, miss," said the caller, with his basilisk gaze on the distressed broker. "He is very busy just now."

Kittie looked inquiringly at her employer, and he mechanically said:

"Yes, yes; I will be there in a minute."

Then the stenographer left the room. Going to the 'phone she told the cashier that Mr. Holland would talk to him in a few moments. At the bank, when the woman reached the window and passed in the check, the teller looked searchingly at her.

"Just take this down to the cashier's office and have it O. K.'d, please."

"What for?" asked the woman, sharply.

She knew well enough that a check to "Cash" is payable to "Bearer" without identification.

"Because that is our way of doing business," replied the teller, politely.

The woman hesitated. She didn't like the outlook.

"This way, madam," said the detective, who was at her elbow, taking her gently by the arm. "The cashier's room is at the other end of the corridor."

"Do you refuse to honor this check?" demanded the woman of the teller in an angry tone, paying no attention to the bank detective.

"You will have to comply with our rules, madam," replied the teller.

"You are blocking the line, madam," interrupted the detective.

Seeing that she couldn't get the money, she yielded with very bad grace and walked down to the cashier's office. She was getting nervous and a bit excited, for she knew that time was passing and that her companion had arranged to give her

only a certain interval in which to cash the check. When Frank saw her coming he stepped into another room. She entered the cashier's office.

"Please O. K. that check," she said. "I am in a great hurry."

"This is a large amount for a check to 'Cash,'" remarked the cashier, with the telephone receiver at his ear.

"What difference does that make?" she demanded angrily. "Am I to get the money or am I not?"

"One moment, madam. Take a seat."

She refused to sit down, however, and tapped the floor nervously with the toe of her French boot.

"I can't stay here all the afternoon," she cried, after a minute had passed. "If you won't honor that check I'll have to take it back to Mr. Holland."

At that moment Mr. Holland's voice reached the cashier's ear.

"Is that you, Mr. Forbes?" came in agitated tones.

"Yes."

"Has a check to 'Cash' for \$10,000 been presented at the bank?"

"Yes."

"Has it been paid?"

"Not yet. The person is here."

"Don't pay it, then, but arrest the woman."

"That's all I want to know, sir," replied the cashier, hanging up the receiver.

Then he made a sign to the detective, who was standing outside the glass door. The bank officer entered the room.

"You will hold this woman in the bank till I can get an officer here to take her in charge," he said.

The woman uttered a scream of rage and made a break for the door, but the detective grasped her by the arm and held her. Frank, who had passed out into the corridor by another door, was a witness of her capture. She was not easily subdued, however. Like a panther at bay, she turned on the detective. Placing her hand at her breast she flashed out a keen stiletto and struck the officer on the hand with it, making a nasty wound. Then tearing herself loose, she started to fly. Frank saw her stab the detective and dash out of the door.

He immediately flung his arms around her and held her as in a vise. She kicked and screamed, raising great excitement in the bank, but the young messenger swung her off her feet and rushed her back into the cashier's room, where she was overpowered. The detective was allowed to run out to a neighboring drug store to have his wound attended to, and by the time he got back the patrol wagon with two policemen was at the door and the furious woman was being loaded into it. Frank, after seeing her driven away returned to the office, pleased to think that he had been largely instrumental in saving his employer from being done out of a big sum of money. Mr. Holland, after he had listened to his story, could scarcely thank him enough for the part he had played in the affair. As a substantial token of his appreciation he handed the boy his check for \$500 before he went home.

CHAPTER X.—The Prince of Wall Street.

All the morning papers had the story of the holding up of Broker Holland at the point of a revolver in his own office for a check of \$10,000 made payable to "Cash," and described how the scheme was frustrated through the wit of Messenger Frank Whiteley. The story, of course, interested all Wall Street, for 'most any other broker stood a chance of running up against the same kind of game at the hands of any man or woman desperate enough to attempt it. Soon after nine the office was full of traders that had dropped into congratulate Holland over his good luck in having such a valuable office boy.

While waiting for the broker to show up the crowd proceeded to make a hero of Frank. It seemed to be the general opinion in Wall Street that morning that Frank was the very prince of messengers, and had Holland expressed his intention of going out of business there certainly would have been a scramble among many of the traders to secure Whiteley for a messenger. At any rate, Frank listened to all kinds of complimentary remarks about himself, till it is a wonder that his head didn't grow abnormally large. Finally, he escaped into the counting-room, but there he was up against it just as bad. Kittie had something to say; Gilmore, who had been promoted to Lawrence Clay's job, had something to say; the cashier had something to say, and—but what's the use of mentioning them all? The opinion was general that Frank had done a big thing, and he was forced to believe that he had. At any rate, he had the boss's check for \$500 in his pocket as a pretty good evidence of the fact. Frank and Mr. Holland practically held a levee till close on to ten when there was a scattering of the traders in the direction of the Exchange.

All the other messengers in the district piped Frank off when they saw him on the street, and quite a lot of good-natured chaff was flung in his direction. At eleven o'clock Frank and Mr. Holland went to the Tombs Police Court to appear against the woman associate of the rascal who had held the broker up for the check of \$10,000. She gave her name as Mrs. Van Dyke, and she was held for the grand jury. Several detectives were out hunting for the man himself. About noon Frank was sent to a broker in the Mills Building, and while waiting to get an interview he heard three brokers discussing the rumored consolidation of two railroads out West. One of the brokers asserted that the merger was a fact and would be confirmed in a few days.

"How do you know that?" asked one of the others.

"I've inside information to that effect," he answered.

"You mean you think you have," laughed the third man.

"I know I have and I've bought 20,000 shares of N. S. on the strength of it."

"Is this a jolly or not?" asked the second man.

"No sir. If you chaps want to be on the sunny side of the market a week from now, buy N. S. and you won't make any mistake."

"Why N. S. has been in the doldrums for more than a year," said Number Three. "It's selling ten points below what it did sixteen months ago."

"And it will be selling thirty points higher than it is now ten days hence."

"If I was certain of that I would put every cent into it I could beg or borrow."

"What do you want me to do? Draw up an affidavit to that effect?" laughed the man who seemed to be giving out the pointer.

"No. You might tell us, however, how you came by your knowledge."

"Well, my brother is secretary of the company. Nuff said."

"Did your brother send you word about the consolidation?"

"You want to know too much all at once, Bradley. Can't you see through a millstone when there's a hole in it?"

Whether they could or not, Frank thought he could. He judged that the broker was trying to put the others on to a good thing in a round-about way, because he was bound by some arrangement not to state the matter directly. He remembered, too, that he had seen statements in the newspapers about a possible consolidation between N. S. and a rival road and these rumors had been repeated at different times. He judged that such a combination of interests would be highly beneficial to N. S., and he decided to buy some of that stock on the strength of it. At any rate, it was a pretty safe speculation, as the road was selling way down below what it ought to be worth.

Accordingly, that afternoon he bought 1,000 shares of N. S., at 54, on margin. Three days afterward the news was confirmed and the stock began to boom. Frank immediately bought 700 additional shares at 57. He also passed the tip on to Ben who collared 400 shares at 59. In a week N. S. was selling at 80. Both boys sold out at a trifle above that, and Frank figured up that he had made \$42,000 out of the deal, while Ben jubilantly announced that he was about \$8,400 better off. Frank went in to hold a jollification meeting with Kittie, and to amaze her with his extraordinary good fortune.

"So you're actually worth \$50,000?" she exclaimed.

"That's right, or to be exact, \$51,600 this minute."

"Why, you're worth as much as some of the brokers down here," she said.

"Mother," said Frank, when he got home that afternoon, "can you stand a shock?"

"A shock," she replied, looking nervous. "What do you mean?"

"I mean that I've been speculating again, and I've——"

"You've lost all your money."

"Do I look as if I had? Do I resemble in any way a candidate for the 'Down and Out Club?'" No, mother, I have simply made a whole lot of money this time."

"A whole lot!"

"Over \$40,000. Don't scream, please, or the neighbors will think you've been taken with a fit. I'm worth just \$51,600. How does that strike you?"

It was some little time before the little mother could realize that her big, stalwart son was not jollying her. She could not understand how a messenger boy in Wall Street even could accu-

multate so much money as he had done in such a short time after he had once got started.

When Bessie came home, Frank sprang the news on her, and she nearly fell off the lounge she was sitting on. Whereupon her brother grabbed her around the waist and made her execute a mild kind of Indian war-dance with him about the room.

"Why, Frankie!" she cried, breathlessly, "you never can mean that you actually have made all that money."

"I always mean what I say, sis. The whole family down to the baby (the baby was ten years old) are going to have brand-new outfits to celebrate the event. You can begin picking yours out as soon as you please."

CHAPTER XI.—Frank Gathers in Seventy Thousand Dollars.

"I think it's about time that you became acquainted with my sister, Kittie," said Frank on the following day, which was Friday.

"I shall be very glad to know her," replied the fair stenographer, with a smile.

"That's what I thought. She's quite anxious to know you, too, for she says I have talked so much about you that I have aroused her curiosity. She's coming over here tomorrow at one o'clock and, if you don't object, we'll go to lunch together. My friend, Ben Webster, who, by the way, is something of a small capitalist himself, being worth over \$10,000, all made in the stock market, will also honor us with his company."

"Does your sister look like you?" asked Kittie.

"Something, but of course she's ever so much better-looking."

"Then she must be quite pretty," replied Kittie, archly.

"No bouquets, Miss Carter, if you please," grinned Frank, rather pleased than otherwise. "I don't know that she's any prettier than you are."

"I think you are throwing a bouquet yourself," she answered, with a blush.

"Well, you deserve all I can lay at your feet, Kittie. I think you're the nicest girl in the world, and I don't care who hears me say it."

Kittie blushed still rosier and did not answer.

"I expect my sister to fall in love with you," he went on; "and I hope you'll like her very much, too."

"I'm sure I shall if——"

She stopped suddenly.

"If what?"

"Oh, nothing!"

"Come now, you can't get out of it that way. I must know the if."

"I'm not going to tell you."

"Yes, you are. I insist on knowing. You said you were sure you'd like her very much if—— what?"

Kittie shook her head. What she had almost said was: "if she (Bessie) looked anything like him" (Frank), but she didn't want to say it when she recollected herself, and Whiteley couldn't make her acknowledge the uncompleted

sentence. Next day, about one o'clock, Bessie appeared at the office in her "best dress." Kittie had also dressed herself with extra care in anticipation of the meeting. Each girl wanted to make a favorable impression on the other, and they succeeded. In fact, they cottoned, as the saying is, at once, and were soon chatting together like old friends, much to Frank's delight. Ben soon came in and the four started for a nearby restaurant, where Whiteley ordered the best in the way of a lunch that the place could produce. The girls, being both very pretty and vivacious, attracted a great deal of notice at the table, and many admiring glances were cast in their direction. Frank let Ben do the polite to his sister, while he monopolized as much of Kittie's attention as he could.

"If you have no objection, Miss Carter, we'll take a boat down to the island this afternoon and see a few of the new sights of the season," he said, eagerly.

Kittie was not opposed to this arrangement, which had been decided on between Frank and his sister, and so they took the next boat down the bay. They had a bang-up time, the expense being divided by the two boys, and after a swell dinner at one of the big hotels they passed the evening at various amusement resorts until they felt it was time to return. Ben took Bessie home, leaving Frank to do the same for Kittie. The wealthy young messenger made the most of his opportunities to impress on the stenographer the fact that he considered her the whole thing with him, and she seemed very happy in his society. After that, Kittie and Bessie saw a great deal of each other, and grew to be great chums. Bessie soon found out that Kittie was a good deal in love with her brother, and she, aware of Frank's feelings on the subject, gave him several hints that sent him into a second heaven of happiness.

In fact, before the summer was over Frank and Kittie were next door to being engaged, though he hadn't as yet asked her the important question. It was about this time that Mrs. Van Dyke was tried, convicted and sent to the woman's prison up the State. Her associate in wickedness had not been captured, and the police seemed to have abandoned their efforts to capture her. One day in the early part of September Frank found out that plans were under way by a clique of brokers to corner a well-known stock, which was going at 89. He got his information through his sister, who was very friendly with a certain young lady who ran a public stenographer's office, who had been doing work for him for some time, and coming into her office one day, under the influence of several mint juleps, he had grown uncommonly confidential, and told her that he could offer her a chance to make some extra money. This young lady was not letting any chances of that kind get by her, and she worked her cards so well that the broker gave the snap away to her.

As she was not accustomed to do any speculating, and knowing from Bessie that Frank was something of an expert in a small way, she asked Bessie if her brother would execute a commission for her in that line. Bessie said that she was sure he would gladly do so if he asked him. The young lady then told her that she had \$500 that she wanted to put into B. & L., and said

that Bessie's brother would make some money, too, if he bought a few shares of the stock himself. Bessie was immediately interested, and succeeded in getting all the particulars from her friend. That night she handed the information over to Frank.

"This looks like a pretty good thing, Bess," said Frank. "I'll go around to your office tomorrow some time and you can take me upstairs and introduce me to Miss French."

Accordingly, Frank presented himself next day at one o'clock at his sister's place of business, and was introduced to the public stenographer. They had quite a talk together, at the end of which Miss French handed Frank her money, and he promised to put it up on B. & L. on the usual margin, agreeing to loan her about \$400 so that she could get 100 shares.

"You are very kind, Mr. Whiteley," she said, with a smile. "I only expected to be able to buy 50 shares."

"Don't mention it, Miss French. Your tip is worth that easily. We both ought to make a good thing out of this."

This time he didn't go to the little bank, but to a well-known broker, where he bought the 100 shares for Miss French, subject to his own order, and 5,000 shares for himself. This was a big deal for him, as it took about \$45,000 to cover the margin. He did not forget to put Ben on to it, and that lad, who was willing to swear by his chum's sagacity, immediately went to the little bank and bought 800 shares of B. & L. at the same figure, namely 89. In a week the stock was selling around 95. Then it began to boom in good earnest, and two days afterward had climbed to 103. Frank called on Miss French.

"I think we'd better sell out," he said to her. "It will probably go higher, but I don't think it is wise for us to take the risk of hanging on for the last dollar."

"Use your own judgment about it Mr. Whiteley," she replied. "Whatever you do will be perfectly satisfactory to me."

Accordingly, Frank sold out his own holdings and hers at 103 5-8. That gave him a profit of \$70,000, and Miss French made \$1,450. Ben held on a little longer, getting 104 3-8 for his shares, and clearing the sum of \$12,000, which raised his capital to \$23,000.

CHAPTER XII.—Frank Passes the Quarter of a Million Mark.

Several weeks elapsed and Frank attended to business in the same old way, just as if he wasn't worth a cent more than the average messenger on the street. Mr. Holland hadn't the least suspicion that the lad was worth over \$100,000. If somebody had told him that fact, and been in a position to prove it, he would have had a fit. There was only one broker in the Street who knew that Frank had made a big haul out of the market, and that was the trader who had executed the boy's commission for the 5,000 shares of B. & L. Still, he fully believed that Frank had been acting for Mr. Holland in the matter, for the idea that any messenger boy could plank down a margin of \$45,000 in cold cash didn't look

at all reasonable. The broker, however, hadn't bothered his head about the matter, one way or the other. He got a good commission out of the transaction, and that was all he cared about. While it was certainly unusual for any broker to employ his messenger in such a big transaction, still the trader guessed that Mr. Holland knew his own business. Frank had cautioned his sister not to let Miss French know how much he had made out of her tip for fear she might think that he hadn't been liberal enough with her.

He would gladly have given her a good deal more than the paltry \$400, only he knew it would raise added fancies in her head as to his financial position. Ben also kept his private business pretty close. He didn't even tell his parents how successful he had been speculating in the market. He handed his mother small sums at odd times, telling her he had won the money in Wall Street, but this was the extent of her knowledge of his operations. One day the office boy attached to Bessie's office left a note at Holland's for Frank, who was out at the time. The cashier handed it to him when he got back. It contained the following words:

"Dear Frankie—Come over to the office as soon as you are off to-day. Miss F. wants to see you about something of importance. Don't fail.
Bessie."

"I wonder if she's got hold of another tip?" said Frank to himself. "I hope she has, for I'm hot on the trail of that million."

He retired to his seat and began to wonder how it felt to be worth a million dollars in good money. As there was nothing doing for a while he went inside to have a word or two with Kittie.

"Well, Miss Carter," he said, "are you attending strictly to business?"

"Am I? Don't I look like it?"

"You do, for a fact. You're the very pink of industry. I knew you were working too hard, so I came in to vary the monotony for a few minutes."

"But I haven't any time to talk to you now. See that pile of statements?"

"Sure I see them. You've got to copy them all, haven't you?"

She nodded, as he went ahead clicking her machine.

"Well, I'm glad to see you have work enough ahead to keep you out of mischief."

"Dear me, I like that!" she said, with a pout.

"Don't do that, please," said Frank.

"Don't do what?"

"Pout your lips."

"Why not?"

"Because it's dangerous."

"Dangerous!" she exclaimed.

"Very. I might not be able to withstand the temptation of kissing you before the whole office."

"Why, Frank Whiteley, are you going crazy?" she asked, with rosy cheeks.

"No. I'm keeping account of them in my private ledger, and I forgot to record last night's instalment. Since we became engaged a little ago I've had 9,999."

"Oh, what a fib!"

"I can show you the record down in black and white. I think I had 101 last night, but I'm not sure."

"Will you please go back to your place outside."

"You never asked me how I feel to be worth a hundred thousand."

"I never thought of it."

"When I'm worth half a million we'll get married, shall we?"

"Don't talk nonsense."

"Do you call——"

The buzz of his electric bell told him that Mr. Holland had returned and wanted him.

"There's your bell now. Go and answer it," she said, mischievously.

"I'm afraid I'll have to," he said, gliding away.

At quarter to four he walked into his sister's office.

"I got your note, Bess," he said, going over to her desk. "Shall I run up and see Miss French?"

"Yes. She's anxious to see you."

Frank wasted no time with his sister, but hurried upstairs to a door on the next floor, which bore the legend—"Miss C. French, Public Stenographer."

Miss French employed half a dozen girls and apparently had all the work she could handle.

She welcomed Frank, with a smile, and led him over to her desk in a corner of her office.

"You told me if I got another tip to let you know," she said, when they were seated together.

"Yes; have you got one?"

"I'll let you see what I've got, and you can judge for yourself."

"If it's a good one I am willing to pay you a good price for it."

"I don't want any pay for it, all I want is for you to manage the deal for me, if there is anything in it, same as you did before."

"I'll gladly do that for you, but I'd like to pay you for the tip as well."

"Oh, no; I wouldn't want you to do that. Here, read that," and she handed Frank a sheet of notepaper, with some writing on it.

Frank read it through. It was a note from one broker to another, of very recent date, in which the writer asked the other to go into a syndicate that was going to boom a certain stock that had very little value. It went on to state that the real object of the scheme was to catch a certain big broker who had of late been uncommonly successful in his ventures. He was a shrewd old fellow, who never bought anything but rising stock, and then only after he had pretty good assurance that others were booming. The writer said that he and a dozen others were going to buy up C. & A. shares, that had been a drug on the market for a long time. They were down to 15, and were not worth any more. As soon as they had got hold of all that were to be had they would start in to boom the price up to 30, which they felt confident they would be able to do, and at the same time get word to the old banker in a confidential way that C. & A. was a mighty good proposition to get in on, as it was going to jump to 40 at least.

As soon as he started to buy some shares as a feeler, they'd hold off so that the scarceness of the shares would encourage him to bite in down-

right earnest. They'd then unload on him by degress, all the time forcing up the price. When they got it as high as they thought it would go, they'd try to push the rest of the shares on him or others and scoop all they could. After that they'd not support the stock any longer, and, as a consequence, it would break to the old price of 15 in no time at all. That was the foxy scheme outlined by the writer, and he wanted his friend to go in and help cut the melon.

"Where did you get this letter, Miss French?" asked Frank.

"It came inside a batch of work I got from the broker whose name is attached to it, and I discovered it while dividing the manuscript among my girls."

"How did it strike you when you read it?" he asked.

"Well, I thought it offered a chance for you and I to buy that stock while it is down, and then sell it when it got up to 30."

"I'm afraid it's a risky speculation," replied Frank.

"Do you think so?" she asked, with a disappointed look.

"There is no assurance whatever that this clique of foxy brokers will be able to force C. & A. up to 30. It's what I call a bum stock—excuse the expression. Still being so low the brokers will no doubt easily be able to corner the supply. The question is, what will they be able to do with it after they get it? The writer appears to be confident that the scheme will go through. I think myself that it's a pretty mean trick to play on Broker Smythe, for if he bites he stands to lose a good many thousand dollars, which the other fellows propose to pocket."

"I'll think it over and let you know to-morrow."

Frank handed her back the letter, after reading it over once more very carefully, and soon after took his leave. He stepped back into his sister's office to see if the ticker recorded any sales in C. & A. He found one of 2,000 shares at 15 3-8, and that was all. The matter occupied a good deal of his attention on his way home, and he finally decided that he would take the risk of buying 10,000 shares in the morning on a chance. He got it through the little bank at 15 1-2, and it went up to 16 during the day. At four o'clock he called on Miss French, told her what he had done, and said if she wanted to risk \$1,600 he would get her 1,000 shares.

"Do you advise me to do so?" she asked him.

"It's a risk," he said. "You must decide for yourself."

"But you say you bought 10,000 shares which cost you \$15,500 in margin. If you are willing to risk so much money I guess I may, too. I had no idea you were worth so much."

"Oh, I made a good thing out of that tip of yours, you must remember," replied Frank, evasively.

"I didn't think you made near so much as that."

"Yes, I made all of that."

"Well, I'll let you have \$1,600 to-morrow any time you call for it."

"All right," replied Frank, "I'll be around after it."

He called next day and got the money. In the

meantime, however, C. & A. advanced to 17. Frank said nothing about it but added \$100 to her amount and bought her 1,000 shares of the stock. He also bought 20,000 more shares for himself. The broker to whom he gave the order could only get him 10,000 shares in small lots at first, besides Miss French's 1,000. It took three days to get the balance at an average of 18 1-2.

The stock kept on going up for the next five days, when it reached 25. Then he ordered his broker to get rid of it in small lots. Miss French's went first at 25 1-8, giving her a profit of 8,000. Then 5,000 shares of Frank's went at 25. Five thousand more went by degrees, at an average of 24. The broker then held off for awhile, and the stock advanced to 26, at which he let out 5,000 shares. Then, by Frank's directions, he dumped a 5,000 lot on the market to test the syndicate that was trying to hold the price. It was taken at 24. Frank's broker succeeded in getting rid of 5,000 shares more at an average of 23, and the last 5,000 shares at 21. The whole business was successfully put through by the expertness of the young messenger's broker, who saw from the first that he was dealing with a delicate problem, for the syndicate's representative, having sold a good many shares to the man picked for a victim, was anxious to discover if the same man was unloading himself, at a small profit.

Frank cleaned up \$195,000, after deducting all expenses, and when the broker was ready to make a settlement he asked the boy whom he represented in the matter.

"I represent myself and nobody else," replied the young messenger.

The broker winked and said no more, but he was sure that Holland was at the bottom of it. However, he was perfectly satisfied, for he had earned, in commission and interest, a matter of \$10,000 without having taken any risk whatever. As for Miss French, she was tickled to death at the amount of money she had won, and declared to Bessie that her brother was the Prince of Wall Street.

CHAPTER XIII.—Frank Ceases to Be a Messenger.

After Frank got out of C. & A. he watched it on the ticker to see how it would go.

"I guess I've made that syndicate pretty sick," he chuckled. "Those 31,000 shares cost them about \$335,000, for I unloaded at a time when they didn't want to lose their grip on the stock. If those chaps ain't mighty careful in getting rid of their big holdings they are likely to find themselves large losers instead of gainers by their artful plan to do up Mr. Smythe. It would serve them well right."

C. & A. went as high as 27, and after remaining at that figure and its fractions, began steadily to decline again. From the number of shares that changed hands, Frank judged that the syndicate was unloading as quietly as possible. Inside of a week it was down to 18, and finally it got back to its old position of 15. Whether the combination had made or lost money by the deal, or whether Smythe, the broker, had been caught for

any amount, the boy had no means of learning. At any rate, he was satisfied that he had made the most out of the transaction, and had no kick coming. Frank had conducted his last deal without saying a word to Ben. Consequently, his chum had no idea that he had made such a big winning.

"I guess I won't say anything to him about it," thought Frank. "He might think I ought to have let him in on it. As a matter of fact, I wasn't dead sure of the deal at any stage of the game, and wouldn't have touched it only I had so much money at my back that I was willing to take the risk."

So Frank said nothing about C. & A. to Ben. Only his mother, Bessie and Kittie knew how rich he had become inside of two weeks, and they naturally kept mum on the subject at his particular request. Frank was beginning to think that it was high time for him to advance up the ladder. He figured that he had been a messenger long enough.

"When a fellow is worth \$317,000 he begins to think that he is entitled to some recognition in the community," he told himself. "What's the use of working for \$9 per week, when I've capital enough to earn \$15,000 a year, if I merely loaned it out on bond and mortgage. Well, New Year's will see my finish as a messenger, bet your life. I'm going to strike out for myself and hustle for that million."

The new year was only two months away, so Frank worked faithfully until that time came around, and then he surprised Mr. Holland by tendering his resignation as messenger. The broker immediately offered to give him a place in his counting-room if he would remain in his employ, but Frank declined, on the score that he expected to do much better.

"Are you going into another business, Frank?" Mr. Holland asked, with some curiosity. "It seems to me that you are making a mistake in cutting loose from the Street. You appear to be well adapted to Wall Street, in my opinion, and if you would only stick I feel sure that some day you might become a broker, and a successful one, too."

"No, sir; I am not going to leave the district. I am about to take a small office and devote all my time to the stock market."

Mr. Holland looked at him in astonishment.

"You haven't gone crazy, young man, have you?"

"I hope not, sir," he answered, respectfully.

"May I ask if it is your intention to speculate in stocks?"

"It is."

"On what capital, pray?"

"Something over \$300,000."

"How much?" gasped the amazed trader.

Frank repeated the amount.

"Do you mean to say that you have \$300,000?"

"I have."

The broker whistled softly and looked Frank in the eye, but the lad met his gaze with an expression which persuaded him that there must be something in his late messenger's words.

"Have you fallen heir to a fortune?"

"No, sir."

"Then how it is that you have so much money?"

"I made it right here in the Street, sir, during the past year."

"You made it in the Street—you made it in the Street."

The broker scratched his head and looked at Frank much as a naturalist would gaze at a new species of animal life.

"Yes, sir. I am ready to explain, if you wish to hear me."

"I will listen to you."

Mr. Holland was dumbfounded when Frank had told him the whole story.

Before the interview terminated, Mr. Holland gave him a lot of good advice, and told him that any time he wanted information that he thought would be of advantage to him that he would gladly help him out.

"Thank you, sir," and with those words he got up, shook hands with the broker and left his employ forever.

Frank hired a modest little room in a Wall Street office building, giving Mr. Holland as his reference, furnished it up to suit his ideas, and proceeded to look the field of speculation well over.

He subscribed for the principal financial journals, and took in the dailies that made a specialty of Wall Street intelligence. He studied the prospects of different stocks, and went as deep into the situation as his experience and facilities permitted him to do. For some time he noticed accounts in the press about the fight of rival factions to obtain the control of United Traction, the holding company of the consolidated electric railways of New Jersey, and the matter interested him greatly.

He wondered whether the party now in control would succeed in holding on, or whether the opposition interests would prevail and a new board of directors and officers be elected. The stock was gilt-edged and hard to get at 150, which was ten points higher than it had been quoted for a long time. But there was enough stock held on the outside to make the fight for control a matter of some doubt to both factions, and their endeavors to get hold of as many of these floating shares as possible caused the rise. Both interests had their brokers on the lookout for any that was offered, and both sides kept acquiring, by degrees, about the same quantity of stock. Altogether, the affair seemed to be a battle royal.

CHAPTER XIV—Frank Secures an Option On United Traction.

"I wish I was the owner of a good-sized block of United Traction," Frank said to himself one morning after reading some of the latest developments in the case. "I fancy I'd be able to make a good thing out of it. This is where the advantages of being a millionaire counts. When you have unlimited capital you can often step in and reap a harvest of money. That's how it is that our multi-millionaires often clean up several millions of profit in a day. That carries out the old Biblical quotation that 'to him that hath shall be given more,' while he that hath nothing shall get it in the neck."

He knew there wasn't much show of his getting hold of enough shares to be able to make any play on the lines he had in his mind, so he dismissed the matter from his thoughts.

Having finished reading all the important news of the stock market, he put on his hat and went out, with the intention of going over to the Visitors' Gallery of the Exchange.

As he came out into the corridor he almost ran into a little old woman in dark clothes who was standing outside his door, with a look of bewilderment on her face.

"Can I do anything for you, madam?" he inquired.

"I am looking for the office of the United Traction Co.," she said.

"You're in the wrong building, madam. Their offices are next door. I will take you there if you wish."

She looked into his boyish face, with its kindly expression, and she seemed to take an instant fancy to him.

"Thank you," she answered. "Could I ask you a favor?"

"Certainly, madam."

"I would like a drink of water. I feel quite faint. I am an old woman and not accustomed to the city. The noise and bustle has greatly upset me."

"Step right into my office," said Frank, as gallantly as if she was a handsome young girl. "I will get you a drink and you may rest until you are quite recovered."

She thanked him once more and permitted him to escort her inside. He handed her to a seat alongside his desk and brought her a glass of water.

"I suppose you live in the country, madam," said Frank.

"Yes. I have lived nearly all my life at Flanders, Long Island. I only come to New York on rare occasions. I have a good deal of stock in the United Traction Co. I have decided to sell this stock, as I see by the paper that it has gone up quite a bit. That is the reason I came to the city this morning."

"How many shares have you got madam?"

The old lady opened her bag and took out a bundle of certificates.

She handed them to Frank. He looked at them and saw that they footed up 10,000 shares of first preferred stock, the actual market value of which at that moment was \$1,500,000. He regarded the little old woman in some astonishment.

There wasn't a thing about her that would lead one to suspect that she was worth money.

"Are you Mrs. Elizabeth Townsend, the person in which name these certificates stand?" he asked.

She nodded.

"Then you are quite a rich woman. These certificates are worth a million and a half at this moment."

She nodded again, as if aware of that fact.

Frank, in the meanwhile, was thinking rapidly.

"You intend to take these shares to the traction company and sell them?"

"Yes," she replied. "I received a note from the president a few days ago saying that he would be glad to buy my stock at the market price, if I wished to sell them. He said that this was a very good time to sell, and that he would send a man of the company to see me. I decided to come to the city and call at the office myself."

"Madam, would you sell that stock to me at the market rate?"

It was the lady's turn to look surprised.

"Why—why!" she exclaimed. "You are only a boy."

"I know it madam. I'm only a boy in years and in appearance, but I think I'm a man in business ability. At any rate, I've made \$300,000 out of \$150 within a year, and I think that ought to be some evidence that I can get along in the world."

"Is it possible? How did you do it?"

Frank proceeded to tell her how he had done it. She became intensely interested in his recital and asked him many questions not only about his stock operations, but also about himself, and he frankly told her how his father had died a few years since, leaving his mother and several young brothers and sisters dependent on the exertions of his sister and himself; and how he and Bessie had put their shoulders to the wheel and tried to do their best to keep the wolf from the door, and had succeeded.

The little old lady appeared to be deeply impressed with his energy and smartness, and expressed her favorable opinion of him in no uncertain terms.

"Now, madam," he said, coming back to the matter that interested him, "will you sell me your stock?"

"But how can you pay for it?" she replied. "You have only about \$300,000."

"Will you give me an option on it for thirty days at 150? I will pay you \$100,000 on account, and you will hold the certificates in your possession, subject to my order at any time within that time. If I fail to take the stock by the end of that time I will forfeit the money, and then you will have the right to sell the shares of the company, or anybody else."

"You want thirty days in which to raise the million and a half? Can you do it in that time?"

"If I wasn't pretty certain that I could I wouldn't risk so large a sum as \$100,000, would I, madam?"

"True," she answered, hesitatingly. "I wouldn't like to take your money if you failed to do so."

"Madam, this is purely a business transaction, and not one of sentiment. You are taking the risk that the stock might go down in value in thirty days, therefore you are entitled to protect yourself. If, on the contrary, the stock should go up I would be the gainer. You are also entitled to the interest on \$1,500,000 at the market rate for whatever portion of the thirty days you hold this stock subject to my order. The \$100,000 deposit protects your claim to that."

After some further talk the old lady consented to sell him the certificates on the plan he had outlined, and he drew up a paper fully covering the matter, which he read to her, and to which she affixed her signature, before a notary. So, Frank, after that, gave his exclusive attention to United Traction. To his great satisfaction he saw from all accounts that the issue was going to be a mighty close one.

He got a letter from old Mrs. Townsend, saying that she had been twice visited by representatives from the company, who sounded her about whether she wished to dispose of her stock or not, and when they found that she would give them no definite answer on the subject, according to an arrangement between her and Frank, they of-

fered her inducements to cast her votes by proxy for the present board of directors.

"Things seem to be getting interesting," chuckled Frank, after reading her letter.

He wrote her a reply, requesting her to inform any other representative of the company that called upon her that he (Whiteley) held a thirty-day option on the 10,000 shares, and would have to be considered in any negotiations that involved the voting rights of the stock at the annual meeting, for it was possible he might close the sale of the shares before that time. A week later, of five days before the annual meeting, a fine-looking and well-dressed man walked into Frank's little office and announced that he was Mr. Howe, the secretary of the United Traction Company of New Jersey.

CHAPTER XV.—A Big Deal for Big Money.

"I call to see Mr. Frank Whiteley," he said. "When is he likely to be in?"

"He is in now. I am Frank Whiteley," replied the young operator, politely.

He stopped and bit his lips.

"I beg your pardon," he went on. "Is it possible that you are the person who holds the option on Mrs. Elizabeth Townsend's block of traction stock?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you expect to purchase that stock outright before next Friday?"

"I shall either complete the deal or sell the option before that day."

"What do you want for the option?"

"What do you offer for it?"

"How much deposit have you up?"

"One hundred thousand dollars."

"May I ask whom you are acting for in this matter?"

"For myself."

The secretary looked at him very hard.

"Excuse me, young man, but this is a very big transaction for a boy of your years to handle. And \$100,000 is a very large sum for a young fellow to be possessed of."

"It does not by any means represent the extent of my finances, sir," replied Frank, coolly. "If you have any doubts as to my word, I can refer you to Mr. Edward Holland, stock broker, No. — Wall Street. He is thoroughly posted as to my financial standing, and as to my character."

"Then I am to understand that in dealing with you I am at the fountain head?" said Mr. Howe, clearly amazed at the situation.

"You may rest assured of it, sir."

"Then I will offer you 157 for the block of stock you control, which is five points above the market."

"I think I can do better than that?"

"I don't see how."

"I believe that there are others who might deem it to their interest to pay at least half a million bonus to me for that block of shares if thereby they could get control of the majority of the shares to be voted next Friday."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Mr. Howe, rather petulantly. "We hold a majority already."

"In that case I see no reason why you should

offer me a cent more than the market value of the stock," replied Frank.

"We wish to secure as much stock as we can so as to swamp the opposition."

"Well, I am not sure what I shall do before Friday, Mr. Howe, but at present my price is 200 for this block of traction stock."

"Your price is ridiculous."

"It is possible. I may be acting foolishly, not having had as much experience in Wall Street as the general run, but still, as long as I can afford to stand on that price it is my own funeral, to use a slang phrase."

"But can you afford to take the chances you are doing? You will have to raise something like a million and a half to complete your deal."

"I am not worrying about the matter, sir."

"Then you refuse my offer?"

"I am sorry to disappoint you, but I will not sell at your price."

"Very well," answered Mr. Howe, rising to go. "If you should change your mind before Friday you will find me in my office next door, between ten and four."

That ended the interview. Frank immediately went out, hired a space in the most prominent part of the Wall Street Oracle, and inserted the following advertisement:

United Traction Stock for Sale.—Offers will be received on a considerable block of the United Traction Company of New Jersey.

Frank Whiteley.

Room 803, Palisade Building, Wall Street.

At nine thirty next morning Frank had a visitor. He, too, was surprised to learn that the boy was the principal in the office.

"How many shares of United Traction have you, and what do you want for it? The closing price yesterday at the Exchange was 156."

"I control ten thousand shares and——"

"How many shares?" cried the man, fairly springing from his seat.

"Then thousand."

"Can you deliver that number of shares inside of twenty-four or forty-eight hours?"

"I can deliver them in one hour."

"How much do you ask for the block?"

"It's up to you."

"I'll offer you 160."

"I can do much better. I have no doubt but the president of the traction——"

At that point the door opened and a gentleman entered the room. Frank didn't know him, but his visitor evidently did, and he began to look excited and nervous.

"I'd would like to see Mr. Frank Whiteley," said the newcomer.

"That's my name. Take a seat please. I will be at liberty in a moment."

"Excuse me, but are you the Frank Whiteley who advertised for offers on United Traction stock in the Oracle this morning?"

"Yes, sir. Do you wish to make a bid? I am open to an offer."

The other man hastily wrote the following words on a pad and passed the paper to Frank: "I'll give 170. This is confidential."

Frank smiled and looked at his second visitor.

That gentleman picked up a pad from Frank's desk and wrote: "I'll give you 165 for your block of 10,000 shares."

The young operator turned both bids town, and looked at his first visitor.

"Is that your best offer, sir?"

The other glared at the second caller, and thinking his bid must have been higher than his own, made a second bid of 185.

"You will have to make a higher bid, Mr.——, you didn't mention your name," said Frank, who was beginning to enjoy the situation, turning to the last comer.

That gentleman, looking daggers at the first man, raised his bid to 175.

"Well, sir, it's up to you," said Frank to the first man, who, not knowing that he was already ten points to the good, raised his offer to 200.

The young operator then turned to the other again.

"You must make a better offer if you want that stock?" he said.

The gentleman, who was perspiring freely, and much excited, suddenly grabbed up the pad again and wrote: "201."

The first visitor sprang to his feet in a rage.

"If you've bid higher than 200 you can have the stock, Mr. Drew. I wish you luck with it."

He put on his hat and rushed from the office.

"Is my offer accepted, Mr. Whiteley?" asked the president of the Traction Co., for such he now acknowledged himself to be.

"It is," replied Frank.

"When can the stock be delivered?"

"At once. It is in the custody of the Jefferson Trust Company. Bring me a certified check to my order for \$610,000, and another to the order of the trust company for \$1,400,000, and I will go with you to the company and arrange the transfer."

The president of the Traction Co. nodded and withdrew. In half an hour he was back with the checks, and they went to the trust company together. Frank presented the larger check to the company in full payment for the stock, and then settled the interest charge in cash.

The certificates were handed to him and he passed them to Mr. Orew. That settled the deal and Frank went back to his office, conscious that he was now worth over three-quarters of a million.

"I'll get the other quarter before the year is out," he said, contentedly, and he did, for the mining stock he had received as a present from old Mr. Partridge turned out to be worth several dollars a share two years from the day he got it.

When he had over a million in money he went to Mrs. Carter and said that he was now prepared to wed Kittie. There was no objection to this, and three months from that day, with Ben Webster as his best man, he and Kittie became man and wife.

"I never thought I should become a princess," she laughingly said after the ceremony was over; "but it seems I have, for I've married The Prince of Wall Street."

Next week's issue will contain "STARTING HIS OWN BUSINESS; or, THE BOY WHO CAUGHT ON."

GUS AND THE GUIDE

— Or. —

Three Weeks Lost in the Rockies

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story.)

CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

"That's what we be. Tim Tolkins is my friend, and I stand by my friends when they are in trouble."

"The deuce you do. Was it you two who was over on the old tower?"

"Of course."

"Huh! If I'd a-knowed that——"

"Well?"

"No matter. Who is this boy?"

"A friend of mine from Denver."

"A spy against the Gophers?"

"Not much. Say, them b'ars is getting kinder thick."

There were a dozen of them now, some alongside, some trotting on behind.

"Don't mind them, Sile," replied Gibbons. "I tell yer they're as tame as kittens. Come on! Come on!"

They pushed on as much as a quarter of a mile, the cave neither widening nor narrowing, until at last they came suddenly upon a place where it narrowed down to a width of a few feet.

Here there was a door made of big wooden slats.

"Sile, you open that thar door and pass on," said Gibbons. "Pull the latch and it will come right open. Boy, you follow him. I've got to keep back the b'ars."

Silas pressed the latch and pulled open the door, passing through.

Instantly he gave a yell, and there was the sound of rocks falling.

"You fiend!" shouted Gus, throwing up the rifle.

Before Gus could pull the trigger Gibbons, whirling the lantern about his head, struck a blow which sent him to the ground.

Gus's brain reeled. The bears came crowding about him, pushing their cold snouts in his face as he tried to rise.

"What, not dead yet!" roared Gibbons. "Take that, you blamed spy!"

Up went his foot and Gus got it in the side.

He fell back senseless, and for hours knew no more.

CHAPTER XII.

Up Against The Gophers.

When Gus came to his senses he was no longer in the bears' den.

He found himself lying in a bunk in a well-warmed room.

The place appeared to be a miner's cabin or something of the sort. The sun came streaming through the windows, and it showed him a figure

stretched out upon a bearskin by the side of a dying fire built up in the open hearth.

As the recollection of all that had happened passed through his mind he gave a sigh at the thought of the fate of Silas Stump, for he had no doubt whatever that the guide was dead.

And while Gus was thinking and wondering, perhaps not more than half conscious, after all, the figure on the bearskin turned over.

Gus saw that it was the same girl whom he had twice come in contact with since he became lost in the Rockies.

She was young, and Gus thought her very beautiful. As she seemed to be sound asleep he hated to speak or do anything to awaken her, and while he was thinking about it he fell asleep himself.

The next time Gus awoke the girl was standing over him, and with her were two persons, one of whom he knew.

This one was Colonel Tim Tolkins, the other was a tall, powerful fellow with long boots, a fur coat, and a big slouch white hat.

"There!" cried the colonel. "Belle was right. He is going to live. Say, young feller, how do you feel?"

"All broken up," replied Gus, faintly. "What happened to me, uncle? How came I here?"

It must have been by inspiration that Gus addressed Colonel Tim as "uncle," for he had not thought of so doing till the word passed his lips.

"There!" cried the colonel. "Now, George, will you believe me that he's actually my nephew from Denver, my dead sister's son?"

"I dunno," was the reply. Gus recognized the voice of George Brandt now, and knew that he had fallen into the hands of the Gopher gang. "You're such an infernal liar, Tim Tolkins, that a feller don't know what to believe. Boy, what's your name?"

Gus was prepared now.

"My name is Gus Brandt," he answered faintly.

"What became of Sile Stump? Is he dead?"

"That's more than we know," answered the colonel. "Was he with you?"

"Yes."

"What did you come up into the mountains for?"

"To look for you."

"There you see," cried the colonel. "Mebbe you'll believe me now, George Brandt. If you don't you never will."

"Well, I don't," was the answer. "I believe he's one of Marston's spies. He looks like a tenderfoot, and if he turns out to be one woe betide him. Nurse him back to life and we can blame soon tell."

Thus saying, the man Brandt turned on his heel and left the cabin.

He had no sooner gone than the girl Belle approached the bunk and said:

"Tell us all, now. I found you lying at the gate of the bears' den with your head all cut and bleeding. When I saw you on the mountain I warned you to go back, but you wouldn't. What happened? Did you kill my father? Speak! Don't be afraid! He was a wretch! I'm not very sorry he's dead!"

She spoke with a fierce earnestness, which almost overpowered Gus.

"I didn't lay a hand on him, if you mean Jim Gibbons, the man in the bearskin," he replied.

"Go at him easy, Belle," interposed the colonel. "Don't you see he's rattled. Say, Gus, you was found dying near the gate with Jim Gibbons dead beside you. It looked to me as though he was hugged to death by one of his own bears, for his ribs was all broke, and his face was black. What do you know?"

"The bears were there. The water drove them after us. Gibbons was drunk—he sent Silas through the gate and knocked me down with the lantern, and then kicked me—that's the last I remember, and it hurts my head to try and remember that. I can't think. Don't ask me any more now."

"You have said enough," replied Belle. "My father has met the fate he deserved. If Sile Stump went through that gate he is dead."

"Hush!" breathed the colonel. "Some one is coming! We must not talk any more now!"

Here was more mystery. Gus was to find himself mixed up in more still before he got through.

It was a rough fellow carrying a coffeepot and some fried antelope meat.

This proved to be for Gus, and it was the beginning of a course of careful nursing which in a few days put him on his feet.

During all that time he saw nothing of Colonel Tolkins.

Belle was with him a great deal of the time, and George Brandt looked in occasionally, but the man who brought the coffee, who was called Gopher Jake, took the most care of him.

If ever there was a mysterious trio, it was these three.

Again and again Gus tried to gain Belle's confidence, but it was no use.

It was pleasant weather now, and wonderfully warm for the time of year.

Gus was soon able to walk out, and he found that the place in which he had landed was a camp of half a dozen log huts located at the bottom of a deep, narrow valley, where there was but little snow.

Near the huts there were two hot springs, and Gus saw that he had fallen into one of Silas Stump's warm valleys.

Not all the huts were occupied. There were only ten men in the settlement; besides these there was an old half-breed Indian woman, who did the cooking, and Belle.

Each of the men was addressed as "Gopher." Among themselves when they spoke to each other it was "Gopher Jim," "Gopher Jake," "Gopher George," and so on.

Nobody would speak to Gus but Gopher George and Gopher Jake. As he wandered about the huts, if he addressed any of the others they would not even answer him.

Poor Gus felt that he was more helplessly lost than ever, for now for a week he had not seen Colonel Tolkins, and for the last few days even Belle had disappeared.

Gopher Jake or another watched him constantly; there was no such thing as attempting to escape.

And so matters continued until one morning Gus was rudely awakened by some one shaking him by the shoulder as he lay in his bunk.

It proved to be George Brandt.

"Now, then, boy, your time has come," he exclaimed. "You get up, dress yourself, and follow me. This day is going to decide whether we push you off the earth or let you live."

CHAPTER XIII.

Gus Put To The Test.

Gus got out of his bunk in a hurry, for besides Gopher George in the hut, there was Gopher Jake looking through the door, and two others of the gang hanging around outside.

"What do you want me to do?" he asked, while pulling on his trousers.

"That you'll find out later," replied Gopher George. "The thing for you not to do is to ask questions. But I don't mind showing you the point of this whole biz."

"I wish you would," replied Gus. "I'm right tired of being kept a prisoner here."

"I suppose you are. Well, it's like this: either you are a tenderfoot from the East and a spy, or you are what you pretend to be—one of the two. You have been brought in among us without any leave being asked, and there's where the rub comes. To set you free without initiating you into our gang is dead against our rules. You have either got to be a Gopher or you have got to die, one of the two. If you're a tenderfoot you can't be a Gopher, for that's against the rules, too. So you see we are going to put you through a course of sprouts which will soon prove whether you are a tenderfoot or not."

"Well, I'm not. When I have proved it what then?"

"Then, young feller," replied George Brandt, lighting his pipe, "it's either join the gang or die."

Having finished dressing, Gus followed Gopher George out of the hut and was led to a place a little beyond the huts near the hot springs, where there was a long level stretch which extended along the valley for several miles, following the winding of a shallow creek formed by the overflow of the hot springs.

To his surprise he found assembled here more than twenty men of the cowboy-miner stripe.

The newcomers had brought in a number of bronchos, which were hobbled near by.

Each man carried his rifle, and taken altogether they were a fierce looking lot.

Colonel Tolkins was also there, standing by himself at one side, and walking around behind the crowd Gus caught sight of Belle, dressed in her bearskin suit, and carrying her rifle like the rest.

"Now, then, boys, here's the young feller I have been telling you about!" cried George Brandt. "Put him through for yourselves. If he can shoot as well as Ike Harmon, and ride a green broncho as well as Teddy West he's no tenderfoot—that's one sure thing."

"All right!" exclaimed a long, lantern-jawed fellow, coming forward. "We'll begin with the shooting, car. Here, boy, you shall have my rifle, so's to make it a fair shake all around. Gopher George, what shall the test be?"

(To be continued.)

Interesting Radio News and Hints

A BATTERYLESS RECEIVER

The Unidyne circuit has been developed in England. It is known as the Solodyne. It is designed to eliminate the "B" battery, and apparently the positive of the "A" battery applies a positive charge to an auxiliary grid, which attracts electrons from the filament and forwards them to the positive plate with great velocity.

A QUESTION OF BATTERIES

One of the burning questions of to-day is: Will storage B batteries ever take the place of dry B batteries? Of course the storage battery people are all "yes," while the dry battery people are all "no."

In reality there is much to be said on both sides, and the condition of the fans using storage batteries exclusively is still a long way off. In fact this will probably never occur. In the first place, in thousands of homes there is no electric current suitable for charging batteries of this kind and even in homes where such current is available, many fans would much rather have the plain old-fashioned battery. It is simpler to take care of, and does not have to be recharged.

On the other hand, the dry battery goes dead after a period of time and when this happens it is useless. The storage battery may be charged up again and again, but it has to be filled with distilled water occasionally and it has to be charged up regularly. If the buyer happens to get hold of a poor storage battery, he will have no end of trouble with it. In one case, it was necessary to charge the battery every three days.

Then again we have the fact that the solution used in most storage batteries is certain ruin to rugs and floors, not to mention clothing. This factor alone deters a great many would be users.

There is plenty of room for both types of batteries in the radio game and where experimental work or multi-tube sets are used, a good storage B battery will be hard to beat. It has not the portability of the dry cell, however.

UNTUNED PRIMARY RECEIVER

The construction of a variometer and a variocoupler is nearly the same, the only difference being that the two windings of the variometer are connected in series so as to make one continuous winding, whereas the variocoupler consists of two separate windings. The stator winding of the variocoupler is usually tapped for the purpose of allowing close adjustment of the primary inductance of the circuit.

Many receiving sets are being constructed with untuned primaries at the present time. The meaning of the term "untuned" is that no adjustment is made to the inductance by means of taps or by the use of a variable condenser. This being the case, a variometer can be substituted for the variocoupler in a great many circuits.

The advantage of the use of a variometer in place of a variocoupler is usually a saving in space, a much easier job of mounting the apparatus and doing away with the messy and inefficient taps, switches and switch contacts. The electrical advantage is that usually one control can be eliminated and tuning made much easier.

The circuit described in this article uses a variometer in which the connection between the rotor and the stator has been severed so as to make the rotor and stator windings separate inductances. The term "split variometer" has been applied to such a piece of apparatus. There are a number of variometers on the market at the present time that are constructed with external binding posts in order to facilitate using the instrument in this type of a circuit.

If your variometers are supplied with but two binding posts for the connections it will be comparatively easy to trace out the winding of the rotor and stator coils and cut the wire that connects the two windings together. Four connections will then result: two to the stator and two to the rotor winding.

To make sure that you have correctly changed your instrument it is advisable to ring through the coils with a buzzer and a battery, or a battery and a pair of headphones in series. Be sure you are right before going ahead.

The tuning element of the circuit is very simply constructed. Secure a piece of pasteboard tubing three inches in diameter and about three and one-half inches long. If small size wire is used you will not need a tube quite so long as this.

The wire used to wind the tuner should be of No. 24 single or double cotton covered wire. Smaller wire may be used if you desire, good results being had with wire as small as No. 30 double cotton covered wire.

Approximately 18 feet of wire will be found necessary to make the tuner.

Beginning about one-half inch from the top of the tube wind on 20 turns of the wire. Secure both ends of the wire by means of a bit of hot sealing wax or by means of two small holes drilled in the tube. Leave a space of about one-half inch and commence the secondary winding in the same direction. Wind on 50 turns and secure the end of the wire as before. Mount the tubing on end and fasten to the baseboard by means of a small brass angle iron.

In addition to the split variometer, the coil and wire, you will need the following apparatus: One 23 plate variable condenser, one single circuit phone jack, one fixed condenser, .00025 M.F., five binding posts, one rheostat and socket for the type of a tube you intend to use, a 7x12 panel, baseboard, tube and batteries.

The circuit will be found exceptionally sharp in tuning and to have good volume and ability to reach out in favorable weather and bring in distant stations. The only tuning controls that are necessary are the variable condenser and the variometer dials. The variable condenser controls the wave-length, the variometer dial the volume.

GOOD READING

SOME QUEER LAWS

According to the by-laws of the Town of Hallowell, Me., adopted Dec. 27, 1828, no person was allowed to smoke or carry a lighted pipe or cigar on any street in the night time, on a penalty of 50 cents, and no team was allowed to stand more than fifteen minutes in the street without paying 50 cents. Also, a person whose chimney caught on fire was fined \$2.

HOTHOUSES UNDER WATER

It is a common experience of bathers, where the water is comparatively still, to find it warmer than the air. This is due, of course, to the heating action of the sun's rays, which are absorbed by the water, the dark heat rays being taken up near the surface, while the visible or light rays penetrate deeply. Such places are always rich in animal life as compared with spots exposed to the waves and currents of the open sea, and sometimes extraordinarily so. A curious example is afforded by the "oyster pools," as they are called, of Norway, where oysters do not grow along the coast generally. In many of the fjords, however, there are little side basins, separated from the outer fjords each by a sill which is covered only at high water. At the surface the water within such a basin is comparatively fresh, but from the depth of about a yard down to the bottom it is very salty and heavy. The summer sun heats the water to the depth of a few yards, but it cools rapidly during the chill nights. At the distance of a fathom or so beneath the surface, however, the heavy and protected water yields little of its acquired heat. When this has gone or for some time the temperature at the depth of two or three fathoms or more may become remarkably high—sometimes exceeding one hundred degrees Fahrenheit, while the surface will fall to less than seventy degrees. This is because the surface layer prevents the escape of the deeper warmth into the air, thus serving the same purpose as the glass roof of a hothouse. In effect that is what such a pool is. In midsummer tropical conditions prevail, and oysters and other species flourish there which could not endure at all the outside conditions so far north. The pools get stocked originally by chance survivals, presumably of eggs or larvæ, of southern organisms drifted north in midsummer.

NATIONAL RIFLE DAY

National Rifle Day will be observed throughout the United States on Saturday June 6.

Plans for the observance of the day have been mapped out by the National Rifle Association and the National Board for the Promotion of Rifle Practice. These plans call for a program of rifle shooting events by every rifle club in the United States on the above mentioned date, and for co-operation in conducting the tournaments by not only the rifle clubs and the National Associations but also by the Rotary, Kiwanis, Lions, Exchange, Probus, Civitan and other professional business men's clubs, adver-

tising clubs, Chambers of Commerce, Boy Scouts, American Legion, National Guard, United States Army, United States Navy, Colleges and Schools, outdoor magazines and newspapers.

If all of these forces can be welded into one harmonious organization National Rifle Day of 1926 should set a mark that will require a lot of shooting at in coming years to better. This will be the second observance of National Rifle Day. Last year the day was celebrated in no less than 125 cities. That was exceedingly fine for a beginning but this year there is no reason why every one of the 2000 rifle clubs in the United States should not conduct a series of events, not why every city or town in which there is no rifle club should not put on a tournament. Every city should be interested from the standpoint of civic pride.

The National Rifle Association has drafted a program which will be sent to every rifle club, to every Adjutant General, to all branches of the service and to any one else who desires it. Complete details will be given in this folder on how to run the shoot and how to carry it through.

The United States has the best riflemen in the world. This was proven by our wins in the International, Olympic and Pan-American championships of 1924, but though we have the best we do not have anywhere near the number of marksmen some other nations have. We have quality but not quantity. We should have both. The idea behind National Rifle Day is to encourage a greater interest in the sport of Rifery so that this ambition will be realized.

Quite naturally considerable stress is being given to events for youngsters for our shooters of tomorrow must come from the youth of today. One of the events on the suggested program is a Junior Championship—the champion of each city being sent to Camp Perry, Ohio; as the representative of that city in the National Junior Championship match. The expenses of this youngster is defrayed by the civic organizations of his city. Forty youngsters were sent to Camp Perry by different cities last fall and a New Jersey youth brought home the honors. We are firm in the belief that no less than 200 cities will send representatives this year.

Every one should know how to shoot a rifle and if every sportsman will do what he can through National Rifle Day we can—

Make America Again a Nation of Riflemen.

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FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

NEW YORK, APRIL 3, 1925

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FROM ALL POINTS

A GIANT TREE

What is believed to be the largest rubber tree in the world stands in the Brazilian territory of Acre, on the frontier of Bolivia. Its stem is 27 feet 2 7-10 inches in circumference at the base. For 120 days every year this colossus gives twenty-two pounds of rubber a day. At present prices this brings in \$2,100 a year, or a fair interest on about \$50,000 to its owners, a family of seven Seringueiros.

A FLOATING STATION

Preliminary tests to determine the feasibility of operating a floating broadcasting station on Lake Michigan during the Summer months will begin shortly, when a party of radio experts under the direction of W. E. Newman, Chief Engineer of the Mohawk Electric Corporation, who are conducting the tests, leave Chicago Harbor in a power-boat fitted out with special electrical laboratory equipment for a short cruise on the lake. The exact date of departure, and the length of the trip, depends of course, on ice conditions of Lake Michigan.

Discussing the project, Mr. Newman said, "We are merely going out to investigate the possibility of a floating broadcasting station."

"We believe that the trend of the larger stations toward getting away from the cities out into the open country will continue."

FISH CARRY THEIR OWN TORCHES

Among the marvels of the life at great ocean depths are the mysterious, self-illuminated fish, fitted with light furnished by their own bodies. One of the important researches of the Beebe expedition to the Sargasso Sea will be directed toward solving the problem of the production of this luminosity.

Five-sevenths of the earth's surface has never been explored. This represents the vast area covered by the oceans. While oceanography embraces quite a wide field of investigations of the

resources of the sea, one of its most interesting and fascinating branches is dredging and trawling on the ocean floor, hauling up the strange and fantastic-looking creatures dwelling several miles below the surface. The physical features of these abysmal waters cause the sea life to adapt itself to many adversities.

Among the remarkable types are those that can be aptly termed deep sea electricians with organs for projecting light. They are super-adepts in radiant illumination. Neither sun nor moon lends them light. Yet, at will, equipped with their mysterious internal dynamos, they can create ample floods of light to serve their purposes.

One wonderful specimen, brought up from a depth of three sea miles in the Pacific Ocean, carries a lantern. It is provided with a rod which is hinged so that its tip can be swung immediately over its back or in front of the mouth. At the end of this rod is a luminous lure, or searchlight.

This enables the fish to blaze a pathway, avoid foes and capture prey. Carrying brilliant lamps, they plow through the waters like flaming torches, and light up the dark depths.

Some of the deep swimmers have long rows of lights on each side of the body and resemble little ships with shining portholes, which pass in the night. In most deep sea fish their lamps or searchlights can be turned on or off at will.

LAUGHS

He—you only kiss me now when you want money. She—Good gracious, John, isn't that often enough?

"So Miss Passay is angry with her doctor. Why is that?" "He tactlessly remarked that he would soon have her looking her old self again."

Lawyer—Want a divorce, eh? On what grounds? Mose Possum—Incompracticability of tempermentality. I like to fish and she don't like to wash.

"If those California women run for office do you think they would be guilty of purchasing votes?" "Not unless they got green trading stamps with them."

Visitor—So I belong to the animal kingdom, do I? That's right, my little dear. I see you know your lessons. Now, tell me what kind of an animal I am. Candid Child—Ma knows, and she says you're a cat.

Lover—You are getting prettier every day. Sweet Girl—Just now I am living on brown bread and water, to improve my complexion. "How long can you keep that up?" "Oh, indefinitely." "Then let's get married."

"I hear you have discontinued the custom of giving young clerks a raise when they take a wife?" said the visitor. "I have, indeed!" replied the great merchant. "Why so?" "Well, the last clerk was a Mormon, and came for a raise four times in a month."

HERE AND THERE

ONE CAR PER HORSE

There is now an automobile for every horse in the United States and at the close of 1925 the auto will have a decided numerical edge on the horse. Ten years ago there were nine horses to one automobile.

PAYS CENT INCOME TAX

Marie O. Tulles's income tax for 1924 is one of the smallest, if not the smallest on record. To be precise, it is seven and one-half tenths of 1 per cent. To be exact, she owed the Government .007 of a cent. Actually she paid one cent.

Miss Tulles is a clerk in a Los Angeles cake shop. She spent 10 cents carfare when she went to the office of Collector Goodcell to file her income return and pay her tax. Deputy Collector Lovie tried to eliminate 70 cents which the return showed to be taxable. He wanted to save the Government some \$70 worth of bookkeeping arising from payment of the tax.

"No, I want to pay my tax," Miss Tulles said.

"How are you going to pay .007 of a cent?" the collector asked.

"Just like this," declared Miss Tulles, as she laid down a nice new penny. "Never mind the change."

NEW HOTEL FOR PALM BEACH

Plans for a hotel twice as large as any now in Palm Beach, Fla., at a cost of from \$8,000,000 to \$10,000,000, are being made by Addison Mizner, internationally known architect here. The hotel will be located on the ocean front fourteen miles south of Palm Beach and is said to have the backing of a syndicate of New York hotel men.

Mr. Mizner declined today to name the persons backing the project. He admitted, however, that negotiations are under way for the purchase of 900 acres of land near Boynton, where the hotel will be built. It will be designed upon Spanish monastic lines, he said. Adjoining the hotel will be two golf courses, tennis courts, a bathing casino and a fishing pier.

Construction work, Mr. Mizner said, probably will be started next Fall. A building containing a thousand rooms will be erected at once and another thousand rooms will be added later.

WIND CAVE

Wind Cave, National Park, in the Black Hills, about twelve miles from Hot Springs, is on the Deadwood-Denver scenic highway—the "Triangle D" road of the West.

Wind Cave enthusiasts claim that this cavern excels the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky in splendor and in extent. Half a dozen Government surveys have been made in the park, says the Louisville Courier-Journal. These and various private exploring expeditions that have been organized have accounted for some ninety-six miles of the recesses of Wind Cave, but there are hundreds of passage-ways that have never been explored. No one knows to what depths they lead, or how far under the Black Hills they may take the explorer. The average visitor to

Wind Cave, National Park, travels from six to ten miles under ground and comes forth into daylight realizing that he has seen but a small fraction of this great cavern.

Wind Cave takes its name from the strong current of air which almost constantly surges in or out of the entrance. It is said that this led to the discovery of the cave in 1881.

Many explanations as to this mysterious rush of air at the entrance to Wind Cave have been advanced. Some have claimed that the rise and fall of mysterious lakes, many hundreds of feet under ground, where no exploring party has yet penetrated, are the cause of these air currents. A more generally accepted theory, however, is that the air pressure outside is the cause of it all. The cave is a huge barometer, responding to every change.

DOG AFTER SAVING 33 LIVES RETIRES FOR LIFE

This dog has the record of saving thirty-three human lives by his unaided efforts; he is Rufus, the dog of the desert. The wonderful dog is now at a small animal sanatorium in the country a little way out from Pasadena, Calif.

Here at the age of seventeen years, twelve of which were spent in the saving of human life on the scorched sands of southern California and Arizona deserts, and now almost blind and deaf, this most faithful friend of mankind is spending his declining years surrounded by all the care and comforts that science and kind hands can give.

He is a medium-sized dog with a reddish coat of hair, rather long and inclined to curl; he has a sober and very earnest expression and a very kind disposition. His attempts in his present condition to play with and respond to the small children who visit the sanatorium, with whom he is a great favorite, are touching.

He was born in Nome, Alaska, and was picked up there when a puppy by L. W. Beck, of Pasadena. For twelve years the man and dog were constant companions on the desert, daily excursions out on the waste of sands in search of lost humans. During that time both are accredited with having saved the lives of 300 persons.

On these trips the dog wore leather boots made especially for him to protect the soles of his feet from the hot sand, the rough stones and cactus thorns. He carried a forty pound pack strapped to his back when on these trips the entire twelve years of his work daily. In the pack was a flask of water and food.

Carrying this pack, he would make wide detours and on finding any one in distress would arouse them by tugging at their clothing, barking, or by licking their hands and face, when the distressed person would then partake of the water and food.

Rufus would then keep watch near by, barking loudly until his master came, who carried poison bite antidotes and restoratives, for many who were found had been bitten by poisonous reptiles. Others who were not in a bad way were led out of the desert to the master's cabin.

POINTS OF INTEREST

A NOVEL SITUATION

English mistresses of suburban homes are finding a wireless set invaluable in the kitchen, as the solution of the ever present problem of how to keep servants. They have found that many cooks and maids would rather have a radio than have their evenings out.

12,228 ELECTRIC SIGNS BELOW 135TH STREET

In the Great White Way and the rest of Manhattan below 135th Street there are 12,228 electric signs, using 1,121,223 lamps, it was revealed yesterday by a census made public at the Electric Sign Exhibit of the New York Edison Company.

Restaurants lead with 2,381 signs and barber shops come second with 904. Theatres rank seventh with 522.

Most of the lamps, contrary to appearance, are small, 987,185 being of the 10-watt size.

BEGGED \$20 IN 30 MINUTES

Beggars on Fifth Avenue, Broadway and other shopping thoroughfares in New York frequently collect \$50 a day, according to statements made in the Essex Market Court when Hester Sampson, a legless negress, and William McCarthy, a negro, were arraigned as mendicants.

McCarthy said he was paid \$2.50 a day and a commission on all money over \$60 collected by the woman, for pushing her about in a wheel chair. Detectives Snyder and Patton watched the pair for half an hour the other morning and in that time the woman collected \$20.65. She was sent to Bellevue Hospital for observation and McCarthy to the workhouse for ten days.

"SPANISH PRISONER," HUNTED 50 YEARS NOW IN JAIL

General Ramon De Santa Clara, sometimes Rafael De Santos and again just R. De S., but internationally known as the "Spanish prisoner," who victimized many Americans, at last has been jailed. His arrest ended a fifty-year police hunt and is said to have given the swindle story he told its first element of truth.

A report to the State Department said the "general" had been caught in Madrid and was for the first time in his career actually a prisoner.

The "Spanish prisoner" posed as a bankrupt, imprisoned on that charge and possessing a fortune of \$360,000 in American money concealed somewhere in a portmanteau with a secret pocket. From persons who offered to assist him in the recovery of his fortune on promise of a reward of \$120,000, with a cash advance from the victim always stipulated, he is said to have reaped a fortune for himself.

MANY HAVE WON CUE TITLE

Francis S. Appleby's victory in the national Class A amateur 18.2 balkline billiard championship tournament at the Crescent Athletic Club recently gave him the title for the first time. He succeeds his brother, Edgar, who won the crown for the second time in Pittsburg last year. Besides Edgar Appleby, three other players have captured the championship more than once. Edward W. Garner of Newark, won the title three times, 1910, 1914 and 1916; Joseph Mayer of Philadelphia held the championship in 1913 and 1915 and Percy N. Collins of Chicago was the victor in 1920 and 1923.

The winners of the title during the sixteen years that the tournament has been held follows:

- 1909, H. A. Wright, San Francisco.
- 1910, Edward W. Gardner, Newark.
- 1912, Morris D. Brown, Brooklyn.
- 1913, Joseph Mayer, Philadelphia.
- 1914, Edward W. Gardner, Newark.
- 1915, Joseph Mayer, Philadelphia.
- 1916, Edward W. Gardner, Newark.
- 1917, Nathan Hall, Boston.
- 1918, Corwin Huston, Detroit.
- 1919, David McAndless, Chicago.
- 1920, Percy N. Collins, Chicago.
- 1921, Charles H. Heddon, Dowagiac, Mich.
- 1922, Edgar T. Appleby, New York.
- 1923, Percy N. Collins, Chicago.
- 1924, Edward T. Appleby, New York.
- 1925, Francis S. Appleby, New York.

WILD WEST WEEKLY

— LATEST ISSUES —

- 1156 " at the Widow's Claim; or, Arietta's Brave Defense.
- 1157 " and the Range Boss; or, Crooked Work at the Sleepy J.
- 1158 " Caught by Savages; or, Arietta's Daring Rescue.
- 1159 " and the Mexican Deadshot; or, The Shooting Match On the Border.
- 1160 " at Hard Luck; or, Arietta and the Stream of Gold.
- 1161 " Defending a Ranch; or, Besieged by Cattle Rustlers.
- 1162 " and the Miner's Trap; or, Arietta's Great Shot.
- 1163 " at Ace High Fair; or, The Liveliest Time on Record.
- 1164 " Risky Ride; or, Arietta and the Gulch Gang.
- 1165 " Buckskin Band; or, The Sheriff's Big Mistake.
- 1166 " Double Triumph; or, Arietta Saving the Flag.
- 1167 " and "Cowboy Jack"; or, Spoiling a Ranch Raid.
- 1168 " Only Chance; or, Arietta's Quick Throw.
- 1169 " Desperate Charge; or, The Shot That Beat the Redskins.
- 1170 Young Wild West at Gold Dust Flat; or, Arietta and the Secret Band.
- 1171 " in Danger; or, Helping the Trapped Cavalrymen.

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“The Best Hunch I Ever Had!”

“It happened just three years ago. I was feeling pretty blue. Pay day had come around again and the raise I’d hoped for wasn’t there. It began to look as though I was to spend my life checking orders at a small salary.

“I picked up a magazine to read. It fell open at a familiar advertisement, and a coupon stared me in the face. Month after month for years I’d been seeing that coupon, but never until that moment had I thought of it as meaning anything to me. But this time I read the advertisement twice—yes, every word!

“Two million men, it said, had made that coupon the first stepping stone toward success. In every line of business, men were getting splendid salaries because they had torn out that coupon. Mechanics had become foremen and superintendents—carpenters had become architects and contractors—clerks like me had become sales, advertising and business managers because they had used that coupon.

“Suppose that I . . . ? What if by studying at home nights I really could learn to do something besides check orders? I had a hunch to find out—and then and there I tore out that coupon, marked it, and mailed it.

“That was the turn in the road for me. The Schools at Scranton suggested just the course of training I needed and they worked with me every hour I had to spare.

“In six months I was in charge of my division. In a year my salary had been doubled. And I’ve been advancing ever since. Today I was appointed

manager of our Western office at \$5,000 a year. Tearing out that coupon three years ago was the best hunch I ever had.”

For thirty years, the International Correspondence Schools have been helping men to win promotion, to earn more money, to have happy, prosperous homes, to get ahead in business and in life.

You, too, can have the position you want in the work you like best. Yes, you can! All we ask is the chance to prove it.

Without cost, without obligation, just mark and mail this coupon. Do it right now!

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS Box 4487-D, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation, please tell me how I can qualify for the position or in the subject before which I have marked an X:

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| <input type="checkbox"/> Traffic Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Show Card Lettering |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Law | <input type="checkbox"/> Stenography and Typing |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Banking and Banking Law | <input type="checkbox"/> Business English |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Accountancy (including C.P.A.) | <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Service |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Nicholson Cost Accounting | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Mail Clerk |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bookkeeping | <input type="checkbox"/> Common School Subjects |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Private Secretary | <input type="checkbox"/> High School Subjects |
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The proposed ship will have a gas capacity of more than 5,000,000 cubic feet, twice as great as either the ZR-3, now christened the Los Angeles, or the Shenandoah. Officials have not definitely determined whether the dirigible will be constructed for commercial or governmental purposes.

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19 5 4 1 14 7 9 22 5 14

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Chicago, Ill.

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5 1 19 25 Solve This Puzzle—Win 5,000 Votes

6 15 18 25 15 21



What words do these numbers make? The numbers in the squares represent letters of the alphabet. Figure 1 is A, 2 is B and so on. The ten figures spell three words. What are the words?

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- 969 A Favorite of Fortune; or, Striking It Rich in Wall Street.
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